

OCT.  
1928

# The SHRINE

## MAGAZINE

25  
CENTS



# ALF SWORDS

*A SERIAL OF FAMILY LIFE OF TO-DAY*

By that Engaging Novelist **NALBRO BARTLEY**  
**WILLIAM ALMON WOLFF INTERVIEWS MARION 'TALLEY**

FICTION & ARTICLES by **ARTHUR STRINGER**  
**FRANK P. STOCKBRIDGE & ZACK CARTWRIGHT**





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Granted you cannot positively guarantee his success—you CAN guarantee his *chances for success*.

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Industry and commerce are becoming more and more specialized. Careful, thorough, capably administered preliminary training is a greater asset—indeed a greater requisite—today than ever before.

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United States Government figures show that the college graduate earns on an average \$1,000 more a year than the high school graduate. They also show that out of 2,000,000 high school graduates, only 1,245 became in any way prominent. While out of 1,000,000 college graduates, 5,678 achieved special distinction in science, art or business. The chances for success are ten to one in favor of the man or woman who goes through college or university.



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Do not lapse your policy in any other old line company to take one in ACACIA. Do not lapse your policy in ACACIA to take one in any other old line company. You lose in either case.

Excerpt from the act of Congress incorporating this Association. "Membership in this Association shall be limited to Master Masons. The Association shall forever be conducted for the mutual benefit of its members and their beneficiaries, and not for profit."

# Why are most big successes made with the help of somebody else's ideas?



WHO made the most money—the man who discovered the gasoline engine or Henry Ford?

Who reaped the bigger profits—the prospectors who discovered the oil resources of the United States or John D. Rockefeller?

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To forward-looking men the Alexander Hamilton Institute offers a service of real value—a service which, among other things, includes 5,271 practical business ideas.

Profit-producing ideas, business-build-

*Here are 5,271 ideas that will increase profits in your business*

ing plans, ideas on finance, on accounting, on office methods, on credits and collections, on factory management, on advertising and sales promotion.

These ideas are gathered from the most successful men everywhere. They are continually being renewed and expanded. They are sent to you in the form of a Course and Service.

But that is only half. The Institute gives you more than ideas—it gives you the fundamental principles behind the ideas. You learn not only what to do, but *why*.

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sands of the most successful business men.

Some men learn early in life to profit by the experience of others. To these men is given the joy of succeeding while they are yet young. Other men learn only by their own hard experience. These men postpone success indefinitely.

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A book called "Forging Ahead in Business" tells all about the Modern Business Course and Service. It tells what the Institute has done for 358,000 men. It explains why 45,787 corporation presidents have taken the Course. It tells how busy men can profit by the ideas in the Course even without taking time to read it in detail.

Are you anxious to make the most out of each passing year—the most in progress, in growth and achievement? If you are, you can't read this book five minutes without saying to yourself as thousands of other men have said, "Here is what I have been seeking!" The book is yours for the asking. Send for it.

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## MIXERS—Old and New

By James H. Collins

**W**HAT has become of the old-fashioned mixer—butting in everywhere, slapping everyone on the back, and getting the business! Is he dead? Not a bit of it. But his approach is smoother now. Read about him in "Mixers—Old and New" by James H. Collins in the November issue.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS for OCTOBER

### What the Hospitals are Doing

(A Trip Through the Chicago Unit—By Mrs. Clifford Ireland)

8

### The Imperial Potentate's Page

#### Half Swords

(Our new serial in which a modern girl sets out to rearrange her parents' destinies and gets a few lessons in Life and Love herself—By Nalbro Bartley)

12

Illustrations by Will Perrin

### Marion Talley—Our Youngest Prima Donna

(The Kansas City Girl who rose to fame in a night—By William Almon Wolff)

18

Illustrated with photographs

### The Dark Wing

(With his mind in shadow a man groped his way to happiness—By Arthur Stringer)

20

Illustrations by William Meade Prince

### Our Nerves and the Tricks

#### They Play

(“Nerves” send more patients to the doctor than all other ailments combined—By Frank Parker Stockbridge)

25

(Cover Design by Rolf Armstrong)



(The most coveted prize of the desert—the wild white stallion—burling defiance at his human enemies.)

K A I B A B

By Arthur Chapman  
In the November Issue

### A Dash of Diplomacy

(Once again Joe Hatch comes to the aid of the fair sex—By Zack Cartwright)

28

Illustrations by Harold Von Schmidt

### WITHIN THE SHRINE

#### Editorials

32

#### Around the Caravan Campfire

—By Roe Fulkerson

33

#### Who's Who in Shrinedom

34

#### With the Imperial Potentate

36

#### Activities of the Temples,

##### Units and Clubs

37

##### Ararat's Mounted Guard

4

##### Al Malaikah Temple Waves

##### Welcoming Scimitar

6

(Plans for 1929 Session in Los Angeles already are Under Way)

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OCTOBER, 1928

3

# How I Made a Fortune With a "Fool Idea"

Learn my money-making secret—Be a Real Estate Specialist—Start at home, in your spare time—Use my successful system—Free book shows how.

**I**T'S a fool idea!"

That's what my friends said, when I told them about my idea for starting a real estate business "on the side."

But with that "fool" idea I made more than one hundred thousand dollars net profit.

No matter who you are, where you are, or what your sex or present occupation, if you want to do what I did—if you want to get out of the \$25-a-week crowd and build up a high-class money-making business of your own—right at home—in your spare time—send at once for my free book which opens wide the door of the biggest and best money-making business opportunity you ever heard of in your whole life.

### Use My Successful System

When I started in real estate, I tossed overboard all the hit-or-miss, haphazard, rule-of-thumb methods of the past, and put into operation a system of my own which is as superior to the old way as the modern Mazda lamp is superior to the tallow candle of our forefathers.

With little education—no experience—no influence—and less than five dollars capital—I started in my spare time and met with instant success.

If you want to follow in my footsteps—if you want to use my amazingly successful system—send for my free book now. It tells how I succeeded—how I have helped other men and women win big success—how you, too, can succeed—how you can have a splendid business of your own and make more money than you ever made before.

### A Wonderful Business

Real estate—conducted my way—is a great business. It is as permanent as the earth itself. It is getting bigger



A well-known Cartoonist's conception of my Idea

and bigger as the country grows. It doesn't require years of study to learn, like most other businesses and professions. It offers enormous earnings to ambitious men and women. Users of my system are making \$1,000—\$5,000—\$10,000 on single deals—as much as the average man gets for months and years of hard work. And the business is practically unlimited. Ten million properties are now on the market for rent, sale or exchange. And you can start with little or no capital—right at home—in your spare time. I did. So did others. So can you. My free book tells you how.

### Read These Records

Here are just a few brief extracts from the many letters received from

happy users of my money-making real estate system:

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These are just a few samples of success that you will read about in my free book. Get it. Read it. Follow its instructions. Make big money my way.

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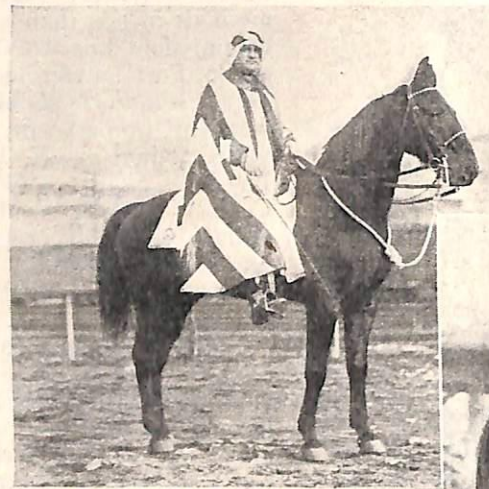
## ARARAT'S Mounted Guard

THE Mounted Guard was organized by Ararat Temple of Kansas City, Missouri, in 1924, when Noble Fred O. Wood was Potentate. It consists of 40 members, all of whom own their horses, all in the same business, and all members of the same temple. This in itself is believed to be a record in Shrine-dom. The guardsmen are commission merchants in the Kansas City stock yards.

All the horses were bought according to uniform specifications as to height, color, etc. The Kansas City Stock Yards Company has set aside a special barn for them, over the entrance being the Shrine emblem and the words "Mounted Guard of Ararat Temple." These magnificent mounts know their own importance, prancing proudly and arching their necks divinely on Ceremonial occasions. No parade in Kansas City with Ararat participation is regarded as complete without them. Literally, they are always "feeling their oats."

The Guard, of which Noble George R. Collett is president, as the chief civil officer, has two uniforms. The fatigue out-

(Right) Noble Harry Keeler, Ass't Quartermaster, Ararat Mounted Guard.



((Above) Noble Al Coffman, Capt. Mounted Guard.



((Above) Past Potentate Fred O. Wood, Organizer, Ararat's Mounted Guard.

((Left) Noble Willard Frommer, Sec'y. & Quartermaster of Mounted Guard.



((Above) Noble W. B. Gresham, 1st Lieut. of Mounted Guard.

Silverforb, H. W. Nickel, William Wilkins, G. Joliffe, Cass Randolph, Dick Martin, Irving Marder, Roy Brainard, William Byers, H. E. Jett, H. Vane Coen, H. W. Glore, Edward Wolff, Charles Aikens, Oscar Reed, William Foley, Russ Riffle, W. Law.

Other Temples of the Mystic Shrine also have mounted guards, thereby giving a cavalry flair to the out of doors pageants of their uniformed bodies, much to the delight of their several citizenries. Their fellow Nobles are proud of them.

They are: Abu Bekr of Sioux City, Iowa; El Maida of El Paso, Texas; Osman of St. Paul, Minnesota; Kismet of Brooklyn; Salaam of Newark, New Jersey.

Salaam's Mounted Guard was one of the high lights in the monster Ceremonial which that Temple held on June 23rd. They are called the Scarlet and Gold Hussars and make a very impressive appearance.

Legend hath it that the essence of the Mystic Shrine creed came out of deepest Arabia, where the hardy Arab and his beautiful steed are inseparable. "Love me, love my horse," is the Arab's motto, even unto this day.

So it is eminently appropriate for the modern Shriners to give their equine friends a chance to prance with the Patrol, where there are mounted guards, on lodge ceremonial or civic occasions.

erach, bearing the Shrine emblem. On parade riders and horses present a beautiful sight.

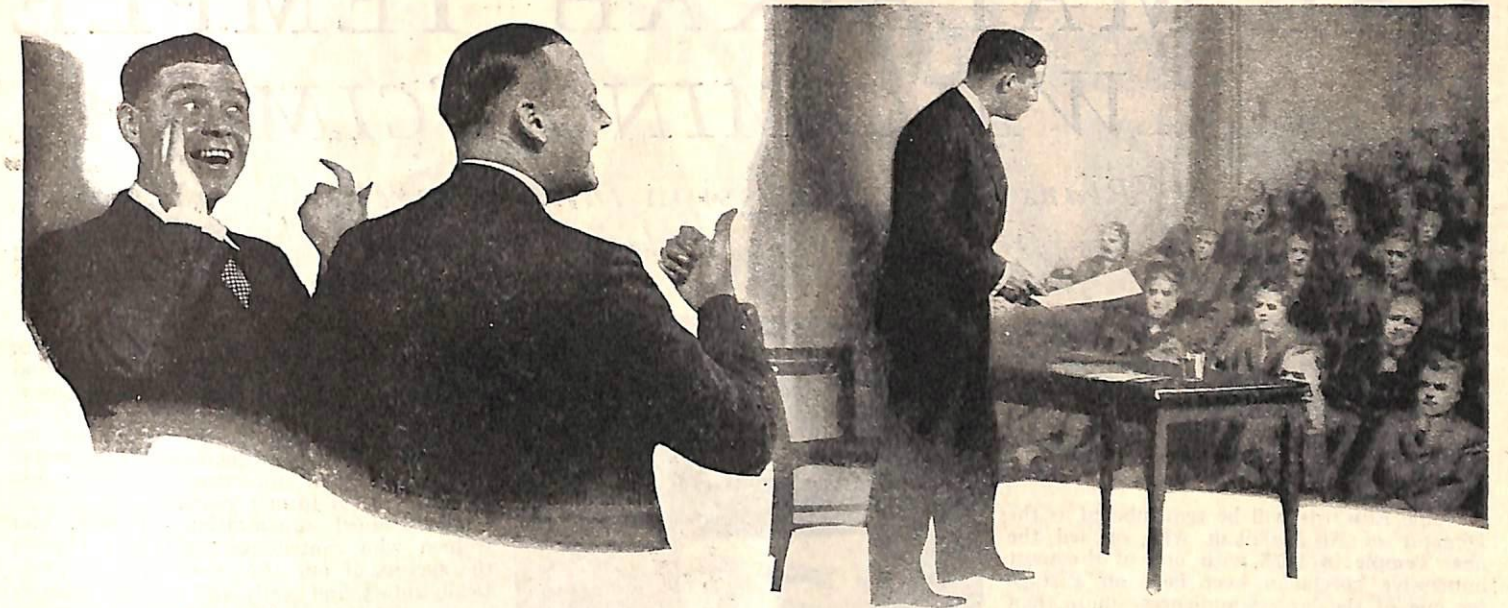
At times, with permission of the Potentate, they enliven civic and patriotic parades, under the incognito of the Kansas City Stock Yards Riding Club.

Noble Collett is also president of the Kansas City Stock Yards Company. The other officers and members are as follows:

First vice-president, Joe Hoover; Secretary, Willard Frommer; Treasurer, Frank J. Morgan.

Military officers: Captain, Al Coffman; First Lieutenant, W. B. Gresham; Second Lieutenant, Estil Reid; Quartermaster, Willard Frommer; Assistant Quartermaster, H. Keeler.

Guardsmen: George Sanders, Zack Martin, Clyde Shipley, Lee Jefferson, Frank Newcomer, James Rutherford, Charles Skinner, Bryant Poole, Robert Duden, H. Bisbee, George W. Rixey, E. W. Houx, Dr. E. T. Kinsley, Dr. H. H.



## They Thought I Would Be "Scared" Stiff - But I Swept Them Off Their Feet!

MY FRIENDS had always called me a shrinking violet—they said I was actually afraid of my own shadow. And so when I volunteered to speak before a giant mass meeting in behalf of my life-long friend, Tom Willert, who was running for Mayor, they looked at me in amazement. In fact, some of them actually tried to persuade me to give up the idea, hinting that I would do Tom more harm than good.

The night of the meeting four or five of my most intimate friends collected on the platform. They frankly told me that they had come to see the slaughter—to watch me make a fool of myself. As I walked toward the speaker's table I could hear them whispering and laughing among themselves at my coming downfall. One of them had even bet five dollars that I wouldn't last three minutes.

And then came my little surprise. For I proceeded to sweep that great audience off its feet—I actually made them stand up and cheer me! Once when I was stopped by applause I glanced behind me and got a glimpse of my friends sitting open mouthed with amazement.

After it was all over they crowded round me and demanded to know how on earth I had been able to conquer my terrible timidity—my awful clamishness—so miraculously.

Smilingly, I told them how I had suddenly discovered a new easy method which made me a forceful speaker almost overnight. I gave them a brief description of the way in which I had learned to dominate one man or an audience of thousands—how to say just the right words at the right time, how to win and hold the attention of those around me, how to express my thoughts simply and clearly, yet in a

pleasing, interesting and amusing way. And they were actually dumbfounded when I told them that I had accomplished all this by simply spending twenty minutes a day in my own home on this most fascinating subject!

There is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing speaker—a brilliant, easy, fluent conversationalist.

### What 20 Minutes a Day Will Show You

How to talk before your club or lodge  
How to address board meetings  
How to propose and respond to toasts  
How to make a political speech  
How to tell entertaining stories  
How to make after-dinner speeches  
How to converse interestingly  
How to write letters  
How to sell more goods  
How to train your memory  
How to enlarge your vocabulary  
How to overcome stage fright  
How to develop self-confidence  
How to acquire a winning personality  
How to strengthen your will-power  
How to become a clear, accurate thinker  
How to develop concentration

You, too, can conquer timidity, stage fright, self-consciousness and bashfulness, winning advancement in salary, popularity, social standing and success. Now, through an amazing new training you can quickly shape yourself into an outstanding, influential speaker, able to dominate one man or five thousand.

This new method of training was developed by one of America's eminent specialists in Effective Speech. Through this wonderful training he has raised thousands from mediocre, narrow ruts to positions of greater prestige and wider influence, simply by showing them how to bring out and develop their own individual undeveloped abilities.

### In 20 Minutes a Day

The advantage of this new method is that it is so delightfully simple and easy that you cannot fail to progress rapidly. Right from the start you will find that it is becoming easier and easier to express yourself to others. Thousands have proved that by spending only 20 minutes a day in the privacy of their own homes they can acquire the ability to speak so easily and quickly that they are amazed at the great improvement in themselves.

### Send for This Amazing Booklet

This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative booklet which is now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon below. This booklet is called *How to Work Wonders With Words*. In it you are told how this new, easy method will enable you to conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear—those things that keep you silent while men of lesser ability get what they want by the sheer power of convincing speech. Not only men who have made millions but thousands of others have sent for this booklet and are unstinting in their praise of it. You are told how you can bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knack"—the natural gift within you. You can obtain your copy absolutely free by sending the coupon.

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# AL MALAIKAH TEMPLE Waves WELCOMING SCIMITAR

(Plans for 1929 Session in Los Angeles  
Already are Under Way

AL MALAIKAH Temple is going to work in earnest for the 1929 Imperial Council session to be held in Los Angeles, June 4th, 5th and 6th. Potentate Gillette has appointed Le Roy M. Edwards, Chief Rabban, as Director General, to be aided by six assistant director generals, all of whom have been hard workers.

Noble Edwards will be remembered as the Director of Al Malaikah who opened the new Temple in 1925 with one of the most impressive spectacles ever held on a stage for one of the largest audiences—more than 8500 persons.

Already a great deal of work has been done. The hotel committees have been functioning for at least 60 days, and reservations made will cover accommodations for everyone wishing to come to Los Angeles at this time.

The great coliseum, seats 89,000 persons and will be used to stage a gigantic spectacle, marvelous electric parades, and a full week of entertainment. There will be a two day rodeo in charge of prominent Western motion picture stars, featuring such Nobles as Tom Mix and other expert riders.

The movie electrical pageant, which usually occurs on Wednesday night, will be in charge of the motion picture industry, who promise that this spectacle will exceed in beauty anything ever before attempted.

The floral parade will be a feature. In addition to the regular Shrine parades and the electrical pageant, there will be a civic parade, with floats representing every State in the Union.

Part of the great coliseum is to be movie studios, with full sets, actually showing the making of moving pictures. It will look like a real motion picture studio city.

There will be an entertainment in the Hollywood Bowl, which seats more than 35,000. It is in the foothills of Hollywood and has natural acoustics.

Side trips are being arranged to Alaska and elsewhere for those who want them after the convention. The boats to Catalina will make extra runs.

The other temples of the Pacific Coast will hold open house for all Nobles passing through. They will send their organizations to assist Los Angeles in the escort duty of all delegations.

In addition to the Los Angeles program an added feature is now contemplated in the way of an Imperial Potentate's pilgrimage to Honolulu, in which the new Imperial would lead the party, leaving Los Angeles on June 8th, at the close of the Imperial Council session.

A committee has been appointed to negotiate with a steamship line and to make all other tentative arrangements. The members are Past Potentate Louis M. Cole, Past Potentate Sim W. Crabill and James W. Jump, President of Al Malaikah Chanters. They have notified Noble Youngworth, Imperial Deputy Potentate, and in all probability our next Imperial, who has approved of the plan.

It is hoped to take along the Al Malaikah organizations—the Band, Patrol and Chanters—which will act as official escort of the new Imperial Potentate.

All Shriners are invited by the committee to plan their trip so as to take in this



(Kenneth H. Gillette, Potentate of Al Malaikah Temple, extends a cordial invitation to the Nobility to be present at the 55th Imperial Council Session in Los Angeles in 1929.

added attraction before returning to their homes and the humdrum of ordinary life.

In Hawaii other points of interest will be visited outside of Honolulu, including Hilo, the volcanoes, Waikiki Beach and the scenic Hamakua Coast. Aloha Temple in Honolulu will play host. The party would reach San Francisco on the return trip on June 21st.

## POTENTATE EXTENDS WELCOME

Potentate Gillette issues this official statement:

Al Malaikah Temple extends to the Nobility of the Shrine a most cordial invitation to join the caravan for the 55th Imperial Council session, which will be held at Los Angeles, California, on June 4th, 5th and 6th, 1929. It was the pleasure of Al Malaikah Temple to act as host to the 51st Imperial Council session in 1925, and our Temple has again been favored and honored by being designated as the host for the 1929 convention.

In 1925 the cornerstone was laid for the new Shrine Auditorium which was to be the future home of Al Malaikah Temple. Since that date a beautiful Shrine Auditorium has been erected by the Nobility of Al Malaikah, and it will be our proud privilege in 1929 to throw open the portals of this beautiful structure for the reception and entertainment of the Nobility of the Shrine of North America, upon the occasion of the convening of the 55th Session of the Imperial Council. The City of Los Angeles has in the past attempted to merit a favorable reputation among Shriners for hospitality, and it is our hope and belief that the Shriners of North America will look forward with interest and pleasure toward again assembling within the jurisdiction of our goodly Temple.

Los Angeles and its environs afford many advantages in the way of recreation and

amusement for the weary traveler. Since 1925 many new hotels have been erected, and the seaside resorts and places of amusement have improved and grown, so that today we believe we can with safety assure to our visitors additional and increased facilities for their comfort and enjoyment over those possessed by us in former years.

The trained organization of men and women who contributed so largely toward the success of our 1925 convention is practically intact, and ready and anxious again to assume the rôle of host and entertainer for the Shriners who make the pilgrimage to our Temple in 1929, and with the experience gained in the 1925 convention still fresh in their minds, it is their earnest hope and belief that they will be able to outdo, if possible, the reception which was accorded to you at the 51st Imperial Council Session.

We believe that Los Angeles is fortunately situated so as to make a pilgrimage to this city a trip of the greatest interest and enjoyment to the members of the Shrine, such a trip, affording as it does, the opportunity to the traveler of stopping over and enjoying the many beautiful points of interest en route to California, as well as the places of great scenic interest in the state, ranging from the delightful seaside resorts of Southern California to the beautiful mountain lakes and resorts in Central and Northern California.

One of the great industries of Southern California, and one which has a common appeal to the people throughout the world, is the motion picture industry, of which Los Angeles is the center. Al Malaikah Temple is fortunate in numbering among its Nobility many of the famous stars and producers of the picture world. The resources and personnel of this great industry will be called upon to play a most important part in the entertainment for the 1929 convention. The entertainment that will be provided from this source will be not only novel, but of a character that will live long in the memories of all who attend the convention.

Every effort will be made to provide for the comfort and entertainment of our guests. Every resource at our command will be utilized for your enjoyment.

It is our earnest hope and wish that every Temple in North America will find it possible to send its uniformed bodies to the 1929 convention at Los Angeles. We promise to the uniformed bodies of the Shrine a reception and entertainment equal to their fondest expectations.

Le Roy M. Edwards, Chief Rabban of Al Malaikah Temple, has been appointed Director General of the convention, and active work in the selection and formation of appropriate committees to take care of all the details of the convention is now well under way. We hope to make this convention the largest in the history of the Shrine, and we can assure the Nobility of the Shrine of North America that no time, effort or expense will be spared to make the 55th Imperial Council Session an occasion which will not only bring joy and happiness to all who attend, but will also reflect great credit upon the Shrine as a whole.

Yours sincerely and in the true Faith,  
KENNETH H. GILLETTE, Potentate  
Al Malaikah Temple.

OCTOBER, 1928

# All in ONE Volume MAUPASSANT'S Complete Short Stories

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# What the HOSPITALS



*Mrs. Clifford Ireland  
tells the Shrine  
Readers of a  
Three Day Visit  
in the Splendid  
CHICAGO  
UNIT*

*(Mrs. Clifford Ireland, wife of the Imperial Oriental Guide, wrote this article at the request of the Shrine Magazine.)*

SINCE my visit to the Shrine Hospital at Chicago I have had in mind the early origin of this adventure, the occasion of its inception, the enthusiasm with which the idea was adopted, the business-like progress of its beginning and the glorious fulfilment that I saw on every side of me the few days I remained at the Chicago Unit.

It is very likely that not all the splendid spirited Nobles know how these hospitals started. I began to hear of them while I was living in Washington. One day when Cliff was getting ready to go back to Illinois he told me he had business in St. Paul and Minneapolis. "Harry Lewis," said he, "wants me to go through the new Shrine Hospital there for crippled children which has just been completed, but I can't do it, I just can't. You know it's a wonderful undertaking and I am with the boys heart and soul for every blessed thing they do for these unfortunate kids, but I can't go through the place." Well, knowing Cliff, I could hear him on his arrival at St. Paul saying to Mr. Lewis all he had said to me, and more, but lo and behold, in a few days a letter arrived telling me of the hospital he had been through, and subsequently, on his arrival home in Washington, the story of its beginnings, its progress and ultimate success.

At a banquet in Philadelphia, in the midst of hilarity and good fellowship (for the Shrine in its inception was created as the playground of Masonry), the Secretary of Labor, Hon. James J. Davis, made the suggestion to W. Freeland Kendrick that the Shrine have a real objective. At great length and in glowing colors he told Noble Kendrick of the Moose project at Mooseheart, Illinois; of the saving and building qualities incorporated in that institution. This wonderful achievement is perhaps closer to Mr. Davis' heart than is any other thing in his life, outside his immediate family, and in stressing its worth he said, "You men should go and do likewise." So here the seed was planted. Freeland Kendrick, then Imperial Potentate and later Mayor of Philadelphia, answered the challenge and in the short space of less than six years fifteen hospitals and mobile units in North America and Hawaii have been built, equipped, put in full running order and are being maintained and efficiently managed by the Shrine Board of Trustees, and have become a stupendous business proposition for this body of busy men. Each year the Imperial Council finds itself undertaking bigger and more serious problems, all of which entail the expenditure of hundreds of thousands of dollars, and ventures of so serious a nature that sometimes they are put to it to know just what is best to do.

It has been my honor and privilege to listen in now and then when different groups of the Imperial Council have discussed at length this worthy cause. In every instance I somehow looked back and saw the vision of other glorious undertakings in this broad land of ours; I saw other groups of men fired



*(The playground at the Chicago Unit has every imaginable outdoor playing contrivance.)*

with inspiration and love, and high ideals setting themselves a task and then seriously working at it until lo! the task was accomplished. In this manner our nation was founded and organized and in much the same manner the Shrine ideal has gone forth to victory.

In our Chicago Unit every Sunday Medinah Temple furnishes five ushers who escort parties of visitors through the building, explaining the various departments and their functions. One or two members of the Board of Governors are always present on each of these visiting days and make it a practise to meet and know these visitors at the hospital. The love and devotion of these men is beautiful to behold and the kiddies look forward to seeing them every Sunday.

Each year brings new blood and new enthusiasm to this great adventure in love and each year this new blood becomes a transfusion indeed, and does its healing work for the children of the poor.

I have a great pride personally in the Illinois Unit at Chicago. Here as a guest for three days and nights I enjoyed so unique and pleasant an experience that I thought the Nobles who read The Shrine Magazine might like to see the hospital through my eyes.

The pride of Medinah Temple is a predominating factor in the Chicago Unit. It was Medinah Temple that donated seventeen and two-thirds acres of land fronting on North Oak Park Avenue. This land today, on a very conservative basis, is worth \$20,000 an acre. Only just recently, seeing the rapidly increasing need for a convalescent hospital, Medinah Temple proposed to the Imperial Council to raise \$2,500,000 for the purpose of building this hospital of 100 beds. Also with this invested fund was to come the maintenance, equipment, furnishing and endowment. Medinah's idea was a great

# ARE DOING

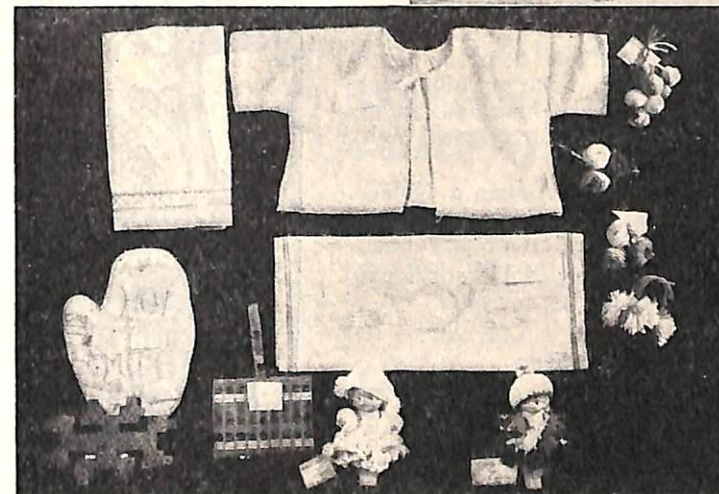


*(Above) Medinah's Oriental Band has equipped the playground and is recompensed by the children's cries of delight.*

vision in healing love. From all the hospitals the little convalescents might come and remain until fit and strong, whereas now room must be made as soon as possible for the new unfortunate child. Without this hospital many will never have his or her chance, being well down the list and reaching the age limit before admittance. How splendid for a convalescent child to have a refuge like this to go to from its main hospital and there remain until it is as well as human skill and love can make it. Added to this offer



*(Above) Members of the Chicago Unit's staff: Left to right: Miss Dunning, Superintendent, the Misses Hansen and Lenhouse, Supervisors, and Will H. Wade, Chairman of Board of Governors.*



*(Left) Handiwork of the little patients of the Chicago Unit.*

Medinah agreed to rebuild at the end of 100 years the entire two hospitals here on this property and to equip and endow them. The need for this seems to me an absolute necessity and I am sure the Shriner coming to the hospital on clinic day or outgoing day would also be convinced of this.

A few of the children I saw in Chicago could be dismissed so easily from the main hospital to a convalescent hospital (were there one to go to) and thus make a place for many children way down the list, who might before his or her turn came be past the age limit of fourteen years. One little boy



*(Above) The playground as a medium for acquiring suppleness, health and strength*

I saw in great pain was probably just under the age limit. He had undergone his operation the day before and was suffering. Miss Jackson told me, while the attendant was getting relief for this child, that the younger the child the less the suffering. The bones of young children, being very pliable, are easier to correct.

Medinah Temple has what is called a comfort fund and out of this are furnished clothes, Christmas presents, toys, shoes, artificial limbs, weekly and monthly entertainment, and birthday gifts for the children. Medinah's Oriental Band has equipped the playground for the children and I wish all the people interested in these hospitals might see the real sport the kiddies get out of this contribution. My suite looked out upon the girls' playground and I assure you their shrieks of delight woke me up in the morning. Sliding boards and every imaginable outdoor playing contrivance these children have and enjoy.

The School Board of Chicago furnishes to the hospital, at its own expense, two teachers, and in addition to this the school books; so the children's education is attended to during their sojourn at the hospital.

The office is on the left of the front entrance. Leading off to the right and left are two long corridors, the boys occupying the wing on the extreme right and the girls on the extreme left. In each wing one enters first an ante-room from the main corridor. Here the desk of the attendant occupies the center of the floor. Back of it are rooms [Continued on page 44]



# THE SHRINE MAGAZINE

OCTOBER, 1928

## The IMPERIAL POTENTATE'S MESSAGE

Through the gulf states we once had thousands of wild pecan trees from which the youngsters in the fall gathered a winter supply of pecans. As youngsters have ever gathered the nuts indigenous to the soil on which they are reared. Walnuts, hazel nuts, hickory nuts so dear to the childish heart were cracked around the fire in winter.

In later years the cleaning of the land did away with many of these pecan trees. Not long ago there was agitation for a renewal of roadside and fence corner planting. Public spirited citizens carried pecans in their pockets; when driving around the country they stopped to plant a pecan here and there for the youngsters to come.

One such man was in a fence corner scratching in the dirt with his jack knife when a friend stopped to see what he was doing. In reply to his inquiry the stooped one said "I'm planting some pecans in this fence corner."

"You are a nut yourself!" jibed the by-passer. "How long do you suppose it will be before that tree will grow up and bear pecans?"

"I don't know. But one thing I do know. This tree I am planting will bear pecans long before the ones you are not planting!"

Noble, among your Masonic acquaintances are many good men and true who would be active working members of the Mystic Shrine if you planted the seeds of Shrinedom in their minds. It is quite possible that they will not sign the petition on the dotted line the first time you ask them. But they will join the Shrine long before men not being solicited for membership.

It is right and proper that the ancient usage of the Blue Lodge never to suggest membership to a non-Mason be carried out. The dignity of this procedure is consistent with the character of Masonic membership. But there is nothing undignified in soliciting membership from a Mason eligible to the Shrine.

The wise organizers of the Shrine made membership in the Knights Templar or the Scottish Rite prerequisite to Nobility. The sifting process has all been done by the prerequisite bodies. The Shrine needs these men to help carry out the ideals and the work the Shrine is doing for humanity.

No man can attain membership in the Shrine without being a better man, a better Mason, a better husband and father. The geniality and joy, the nonsense and iconoclastic initiation will make him understand the uselessness of pretense. Tying him into our work for crippled children will make him more charitable.

It is a mark of true friendship to induce a man to become a Noble. Six hundred thousand of the best men on this continent are in the organization. To rub elbows with them is one of the greatest of privileges.

The autumn days have come! It is time that every Noble stir from his lethargy and bring to the ceremonials large classes of novices!

Es Selamu Aleikum

Yours in the Faith,

Frank Jones.  
IMPERIAL POTENTATE

# This Calfskin Key Case is Yours FREE Whether You Buy My HALVORFOLD Or Not

—that's promising quite a mouthful—but fellow Nobles, it's a fact. This little genuine Black Calfskin Keycase with your name in 23K Gold, and easily worth six bits in any retail store, is YOURS. What's that? There's a catch to it? Not on your tinsy! All I want is the privilege of showing you my new patented HALVORFOLD—the pass case all the Nobles are talking about—yes, it's made to order for Nobles. Almost any Brother Noble knows us—ask him—you take no risk.



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EDITOR'S NOTE:—  
*HALF SWORDS* is  
 a figure within half  
 a length of a sword.  
 When you get your  
 opponent at half  
 swords he's "up  
 against it." He's  
 got to strike some-  
 how or be run  
 through.

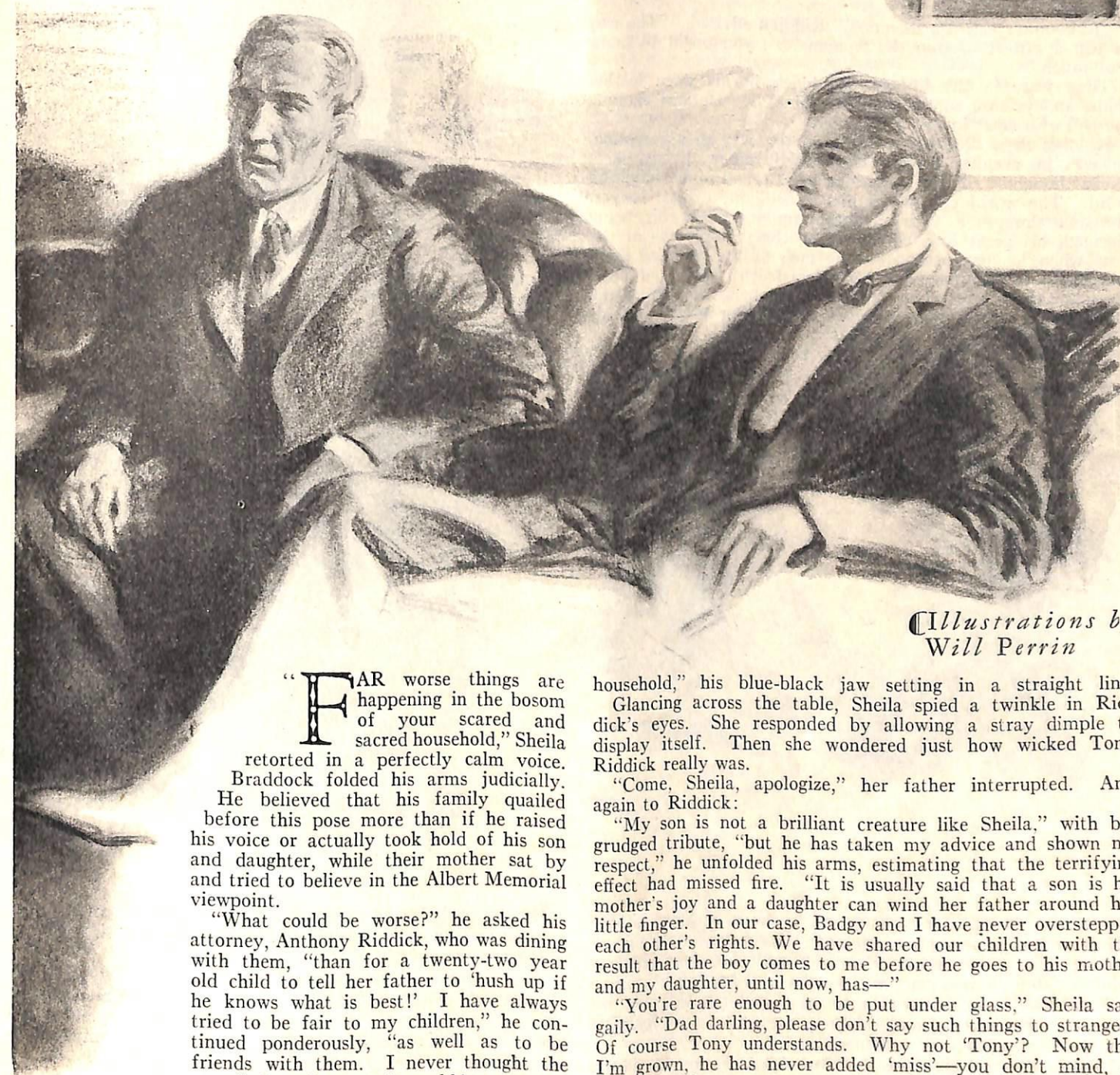


"I told you to hush up, Dad, because I wanted to start something," Sheila was saying to her bewildered parent. But she flushed under the steady gaze of Riddick who was suddenly aware that her white taffeta dress was extremely becoming.

# HALF SWORDS

By  
 NALBRO  
 BARTLEY

*The Story of a Modern Girl  
 who wanted to break Life open,  
 take a look at the insides and  
 glue the pieces together again*



Illustrations by  
 Will Perrin

"FAR worse things are happening in the bosom of your scared and sacred household," Sheila retorted in a perfectly calm voice. Braddock folded his arms judicially. He believed that his family quailed before this pose more than if he raised his voice or actually took hold of his son and daughter, while their mother sat by and tried to believe in the Albert Memorial viewpoint.

"What could be worse?" he asked his attorney, Anthony Riddick, who was dining with them, "than for a twenty-two year old child to tell her father to 'hush up if he knows what is best!' I have always tried to be fair to my children," he continued ponderously, "as well as to be friends with them. I never thought the so-called modern revolt could concern my

household," his blue-black jaw setting in a straight line. Glancing across the table, Sheila spied a twinkle in Riddick's eyes. She responded by allowing a stray dimple to display itself. Then she wondered just how wicked Tony Riddick really was.

"Come, Sheila, apologize," her father interrupted. And again to Riddick:

"My son is not a brilliant creature like Sheila," with begrudged tribute, "but he has taken my advice and shown me respect," he unfolded his arms, estimating that the terrifying effect had missed fire. "It is usually said that a son is his mother's joy and a daughter can wind her father around her little finger. In our case, Badgy and I have never overstepped each other's rights. We have shared our children with the result that the boy comes to me before he goes to his mother and my daughter, until now, has—"

"You're rare enough to be put under glass," Sheila said gaily. "Dad darling, please don't say such things to strangers. Of course Tony understands. Why not 'Tony'? Now that I'm grown, he has never added 'miss'—you don't mind, do you, Tony?"



Riddick's lips twitched. "Not at all," he said in a matter of fact way. "But let's get the apology thing settled." "You'd think that dad had a claim against a railroad," Sheila pouted. "Well, I must begin being firm some time—so I shan't apologize. You invited disaster when you grew red in the face and said, 'Why don't you tell me where your mother is?'"—bringing her hand down on the table in imitation of Braddock. "I told you to 'hush up' as pleasantly as I tell Tom or Nancy or Badgy—"

"Do you mean?" Braddock's eyes narrowed, "that you have

more than she could stop thinking about him. When her brother played marbles or swapped war stories with Riddick, Sheila remained on the fringe of intimacy, a staring little redhead who felt that his sympathies were distinctly promasculine and who told her mother that she would "NOT" kiss Mr. Riddick; kissing her father and loving God was all that should be expected of one small girl."

Badgy had agreed, Sheila remembered. But Badgy usually agreed. It was part of her formula for being a successful wife.

ever told your mother to hush up and that she has not told me?"

"Tons of times," Sheila rose as if she were hostess at a formal dinner. "Let's have coffee in the library."

The men followed. "What would you do, Tony, in such a dilemma?"

"I shouldn't call it a dilemma," Riddick advised. "The way to win a girl is to woo the woman . . . you ought to know that much."

They were in the library, Braddock in his worn leather chair, an eye-sore to everyone but himself. He was chewing the end of a cigar in savage manner.

Riddick lit a cigarette. Being on the way to a reception, he was in evening dress. He looked rather distinguished, Sheila thought. He was something of a legend to her inquiring mind. The world considered him a brilliant, cynical lawyer. He was thirty-five with a dozen rumors about his being engaged, his great love of the wilds, the two months of the year when he disappeared off the face of the civilized earth and came back bronzed and burdened with deer and bear. He maintained mysterious bachelor chambers aside from the old Riddick house, where his widowed sister-in-law and his



niece held forth. He was a crack three cushion billiard player and a connoisseur of etchings. Riddick was that good-looking ugly which artists clamor to paint—a long, slightly crooked nose, a massive chin, deeply set hazel eyes and a mop of iron gray hair which tumbled and tangled over his forehead. He was tall and thickset, huge, muscular shoulders but hands as slender as a woman's.

Riddick had come to the Braddock house as long as Sheila could remember. She had never been at ease with him any

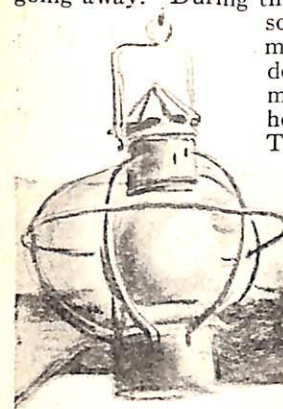
Sheila recalled this while her father waited for an apology. "I'm moving on presently," Riddick interceded, "time enough for apologies later."

His deeply set eyes regarded Sheila as intently as if she were a star witness appearing against his client. She flushed, as witnesses always did under his gaze. She regretted her phantasy concerning this coldblooded, somewhat mysterious lawyer.

Riddick regarded Sheila with something resembling alarm:

He did not approve Braddock's tactics but much less did he applaud Sheila's flippancy.

Now that he thought of it, Badgy was always away or just going away. During the year, she had changed from a purring sort of kitten into a tense creature of moods. He wondered how closely Braddock had kept track of his wife—if he might not have done well to have studied her as carefully as he did the bills. Then there was young Tom who must



"I'll have wild affairs. Then," went on Sheila, enjoying Nancy's horror and her brother's scorn, "I shall marry a man my own age and be able to cope with him!"



exhibitions. Not because she was super athletic or had a flair for pictures but because she wanted a foreign background in which to debate domestic problems. He had always walked with her or taken her home, asked her about going on with her music or taking a part time job. She was too young to have graduated at twenty-one, it was a forcing process, a result of Braddock's driving efficiency and Sheila's being on her mettle. Riddick had meant to talk to Badgy about Sheila but somehow his own affairs became increasingly complex. Now it was March with the hint of violets, pre-spring colds and Lenten sermonettes. He was watching Sheila's tall, slim self with her coil of reddish hair, the clear gray eyes, cold more often than not, the way the gold lashes and brows emphasized this coldness. He was realizing that Sheila was no longer a docile daughter but an inquiring individual.

Sheila was speaking in her deep, breathless voice, the warmth of which contradicted the coldness of her eyes.

"You see, father," she was saying, "I've been waiting for the right moment to tell you the wrong thing. Mother is having a whale of an affair with Drew Benson, perhaps you don't even know who Drew is. You're so busy going over the grocery bills and nagging Tom's professors. You don't suspect what is happening under your nose. I told you to hush up when you asked where Badgy was because I wanted to start something."

Braddock turned to Riddick in helpless appeal. Riddick was still looking at Sheila. He was aware that her white taffeta with its glistening silver bands was even more becoming than he had remembered. He recalled that the purchase of this frock had been a subject for serious consideration by his friend Braddock. He had even made a budget to estimate Sheila's expenditures and finally concluded that the gown must be part Birthday and part Christmas and part Easter present—only to find Sheila's wearing it en route to a hallowe'en dance!

That was months ago. It was "second best" these days but it had an unusual appeal for Riddick as she swished gently on to a chair.

"Do I understand that your mother—" thundered Braddock.

"Dear old man," Sheila was determined to make a killing, "there are many things you must understand. But Badgy's in the worst jam, so we'll discuss her. She is having an affair. I've been shadowing her for months. I think she has decided on a Paris divorce. Only Drew Benson must never marry her. He is twelve years younger, which makes quite a dent. When a woman is forty-two and suddenly starts her second blooming, learns new dances and buys green hats, she loses all sense of proportion. Badgy's had such a good time without you that she doesn't realize that she is a forty-two year old amateur. Drew is spoiled to high heaven by directing the town players. Be nice to both of them, won't you?"

Braddock's cigar remained unlighted.

"Sheila," said her father pathetically, "what have you been reading lately?"

"Old Saint Nicholas magazines," she answered sweetly, "and it's great fun. I remember rainy afternoons or the days when we had sore throats, how we'd get out piles of them and re-read the stories. It's almost too bad the family has to come a-cropper. Not that I mind a divorce but Tom will feel it—"

"Is this your notion of modern humor?" roared her father, in spite of his resolution to remain poised. "It is bad enough for a child to tell her father to hush up—but to add that her mother is going to divorce him for some dramatic whippersnapper of whom he has never heard—"

Sheila's gray eyes were more coldish than ever. "Why haven't you heard of him? You've ignored your wife as shamefully as you have pursued your business," drawing out some cigarettes.

"I thought that we agreed—" protested her father.

"I agreed not to smoke because I wanted a riding habit," was the begrudged explanation. "I lied—and Badgy knew it. I have always smoked with her."

"You mean that your mother—" Braddock's forehead was a knot of purple, angry veins. "Good Lord, Riddick, am I dreaming—"

study law because some of his ancestors had been judges. Young Tom was seldom home either. But Riddick knew where he was—with Riddick's niece, Nancy, just turned nineteen.

But Sheila . . . One swept aside a handful of youthful cavaliers before entering the house. She was impatient, even intolerant of them. Perhaps Sheila was deciding something for herself, something which had caused Riddick to meet her on lonely walks across the park or wandering about art



"No, you are snoring and you have been for years," Sheila corrected. "Time to wake up, dad. You married Badgy when she was nineteen and you were thirty-one. She was an orphan, ignorant of the world except for the Elsie Dinsmore books. You made a modest fortune and saw that neither you nor your family enjoyed it. Ever since I can remember, we have flattered and duped you and rather despised ourselves. But there was nothing else for us to do—and live."

Braddock's eyes were pathetic. He realized that this was not mere impudence.

"Pray go on—I'm deeply interested," he said, glancing anxiously at Riddick.

"Don't send Tony away—a family lawyer is decorative," Sheila insisted. "But to finish about Badgy—"

"No, about my family," escaped from Braddock.

"As you like. We have never agreed with you. Badgy didn't discover the fact for years. She adored and obeyed and sometimes wept. Gradually, she became aware of independent ideas. That she preferred money for help and a car rather than to have you die at seventy and leave her money too stale to spend. Of course you have taken beautiful care of us," a smile giving her eyes warm, violet lights.

"Thanks," he said dryly. "When we needed dentistry or an encyclopedia—you were wonderful! So we grew up as Badgy's allies, playing an underhanded game. We were conscience-stricken now and then—but we kept right on, dear old man. The reason we were allies was because we didn't care if the other fellow disagreed with us. That was the beautiful part. That is why I can understand Badgy's affair, even if I disapprove. She's only an older child trying to fling off restraint. You

can't blame her for wanting a fling at romance, being told that her hair is fragrant and honey-colored, all that sort of fluff."

Sheila next produced a patent cigarette lighter. Her father's uplifted eyebrows brought further revelations.

"Badgy gave it to me at Christmas; she omitted telling you. Like it, Tony?"

"Extremely," said the statue-like Tony.

"What else do you want to know? About Badgy's Indian summer? You should have recognized the symptoms. You see, Drew was merely handy. It might have been Tony, only he's too wicked. Anyway, she tried out for a small part at the Players' Club. Drew chose her."

"Who suggested the Players' Club?" interrupted Braddock.

"I did. It was either that or she would have gone in for a cult. She did the part very well; you were at some convention that week. Then Drew began coming here and Badgy began mothering him. The next thing I knew, they were reading French and going walking. Now, she thinks of nobody save Drew. I heard her say last week: 'You opened the gate to the garden of romance.' And he said, 'Now that we are in it, dear heart, we shall never leave'—isn't that droll? Think of Badgy involved in that sort of slush. If Drew were her age or had real money—"

"Stop," her father walked across the floor as if to drown the sound of her voice. "You asked me to tell you," she reminded. But she was looking at Riddick's impassive self.

"You have spied on your mother," Braddock ignored the last.

"It was my duty and a great lark. I'm not considering this solely as a moral issue but also as a human experience. Your generation is mainly concerned

with civilization. We are interested in life in the raw. We want to fly out of the nest instead of your pushing us down and out! You mustn't feel there's such a lot of harm done about Badgy. She must have her freedom but she must not marry Drew."

She was gone, the men staring at each other as if wondering how much the other had heard.

"Badgy's probably at her reading club," Braddock mumbled.

"When did the children begin calling their mother 'Badgy'?" asked Riddick.

"Um . . . the war. The boys enlisting under age were badgies. Sheila got the notion because her mother married rather young. Somehow the name caught on. Bernardine is such a mouthful."

"And you never took the hint?" said Riddick scornfully, "that trouble was going to brew? That was your cue to have tried what the youngsters call fast working. Now they've got both you and Badgy at half swords," looking at his watch as if he wanted to dispose of the matter as speedily as possible.

"What is half swords?" repeated Braddock.

"In fencing when you get a man at half swords, he's up

against it. It's a figure within half a length of a sword. He's got to strike somehow or be run through. That's your position in the matter."

"Do you take Sheila's ravings as serious? I don't."

"You must. You still think in the days of ten course dinners. You were always a generation too old. You were born so. I've always thought of you in the terms of a grandfather. Yet you're fifty-two and the safest risk that an insurance company could take."

"I'm discovering a great many things tonight—but let's go on with Badgy. 'You think she wants her freedom?'"

"I think she is more apt to just take it," Riddick stepped into the black walnut-infested hall. He slipped into a goat skin coat and then held out his hand.

"Count on me," he said easily.

"For what?" Braddock felt deserted and betrayed on all sides.

"For persuading the forestry commission to see things your way," was the unexpected answer.

Alone, Braddock sat scowling at the fire. His desk was heaped with the work he had intended [Continued on page 56]



*While Riddick listened to Badgy and Drew he thought about Sheila behind the screen—this dragon-slaying, red-haired kid who invaded his sacred quarters!*







Marion Talley remains the simplest, most untemperamental of girls.

WHEN you board a liner to go to Europe you expect the captain to be a bluff and hearty sea dog, his face bronzed by wind and weather. Some small, pale man might be an admirable seaman, but you'd find it hard to believe. Just so, it would upset you as much to meet the pastor of your church wearing a suit of vivid checks and a purple necktie as it would to go to the circus and see the clown come out in a cutaway coat and silk hat. The idea is that you expect people to be in character; at least, I do. And so, when I called on Marion Talley to gather material for a personality sketch for The Shrine Magazine, I found a prima donna who surprised me in this respect.

There are no more engaging and delightful women in the world than the great opera singers. I've known a great many of them, and I've liked all I've known. But association with them isn't conducive to peace and quiet. They may be calm themselves, but life boils and bubbles all about them. They may have a secret longing for a serene and ordered and modest way of living—but Marion Talley is the only one I've ever seen who achieved it.

Prima donnas, in my experience, live up to the conception most people have of them more completely than any people in the world. Traveling Englishmen are, in fact, seldom rude or haughty to strangers; Scotchmen are frequently generous with tips; I haven't seen a bearded doctor with a bedside manner, except in a comic strip, for years. But, in general, it's almost impossible to exaggerate when you're dealing with the prima donna temperament. It's natural enough, and the

# MARION TALLEY

Our Youngest Prima Donna who refuses to act except in Opera

William Almon Wolff interviews for the Shrine Magazine the natural mannered young Kansas City Girl who is the Musical Sensation of the Day

people about an opera house understand the artist and the strain under which she lives and works; they make allowances; instead of being upset and annoyed they are amused.

Marion Talley is the one exception. She is of the great line of coloratura sopranos, the aristocrats of opera. She has inherited the rôles and the traditions of Patti, Melba, Sembrich, Galli-Curci. And she seems to be one of the very few people who isn't in the least excited about it. Temperament she has, in plenty, or she wouldn't be what she is. But temperamental she is not.

Her story is one of the amazing romances of musical history; it has no parallel at all. Just for one thing, her real debut in opera was at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, which scarcely ever entrusts a leading part to a singer who has not proved herself in one or more of the great European theaters. She did, to be sure, as a very young girl, sing twice with the Civic Opera in Kansas City, but that hardly counted. To adhere to precedent she ought to have sung first in Italy, calling herself Tallia or something of the sort. She never did; she did scarcely any of the things most young singers have to do before they can get even an audition, much less an appearance, at the sacred Metropolitan.

Marion Talley's background is the middle west. She comes from that vast reservoir of Americanism that continues to supply the whole country with so large a proportion of the people who get things done. She was born, just outside of Kansas City, twenty-one years ago, and the Talley family has lived in Kansas City ever since. Charles Talley, her father, was a railroad telegrapher when she was born, and he still is. It probably wouldn't be a good idea at all to suggest to Charles Talley that the average man, if his daughter had made more than half a million dollars in two years, would be taking life pretty comfortably.

Charles Talley, as he sees it, has his job; his daughter has hers. He still pounds his key and still lives in the apartment his women folks had to abandon, for a time, when Marion's career took her to New York. He tunes in, sometimes, on the radio, and hears her sing; he takes a trip to New York when it can be managed; he finds as much diversion, his family says, in the good fellowship of Ararat Temple, Kansas City, as in anything. He has been a Shriner for years.

Marion Talley, as a child, always wanted to sing. The family was musical; her mother and her sister, Florence, sang



One of the really important drawing cards of the Metropolitan Marion Talley is now starting on her third season in opera.

in the choir of the First Christian Church in Kansas City before she was old enough. Right there Marion, when she joined the choir, was in luck, for it happened that John R. Jones, the choirmaster, was a first class musician, which all choir directors are not. He gave her the right start, and, when he went into war work, in 1917, turned Marion over to Ottley Cranston, in whom Kansas City possessed a man with an enthusiasm for opera, a knowledge of its traditions and the ability to detect a great voice in its embryonic stage.

Here, of course, Marion Talley was lucky; the people who always like to insist upon the part chance plays in such stories as hers can dwell on the good fortune that was hers in coming into contact first with Jones and then with Ottley Cranston. Cranston was developing the Civic Opera idea in Kansas City at that time, and he arranged for two appearances with that company—an invaluable thing for a child with operatic aspirations.

But it wasn't luck that made the girl work as she did, and it wasn't luck that gave her the ability to impress so sound and dispassionate a musical critic as Mrs. George Powell, of the Kansas City Star. Mrs. Powell, when she predicted a great career for Marion Talley, spoke from the book of knowledge and experience. Again, it wasn't luck, but sheer personality, coupled with ability and the capacity for hard work, that enabled this young girl to arouse the interest of bankers and business men in Kansas City.

Prima donnas are, to some extent, born. But they have to be made, too, and the making of them is a long and costly

business. The Talleys didn't have the money that was needed. Kansas City did, and with Masons taking a leading part in the plan, a concert was arranged that brought in about \$10,000. That made it possible for Marion Talley to go to New York to carry on her studies.

Two well-known Kansas City lawyers, John T. Harding and Jacob A. Harzfeld, were prominent in the movement to make a singer out of Marion Talley. They had, as it happened, connections with Otto H. Kahn, and persuaded him to arrange for a trial of the girl's voice at the Metropolitan Opera House. That was in November, 1922, and it may be suspected that Mr. Kahn was moved more by politeness than by any real belief that he was going to hear an extraordinary voice. Mr. Kahn hears about one new Caruso and two reincarnations of Nellie Melba every day, on the average.

Still, Mr. Kahn was present himself the first time Marion Talley sang in the Metropolitan, and with him were Gatti-Cazazza, the general manager, and Arthur Bodanzky, one of the leading conductors. They listened, and they knew what they were hearing.

"Go on studying," they told her—and little more. She herself could scarcely know how much that meant. Those men, as a rule, after an audition, wonder just how to persuade the hopeful and ambitious artist they have just heard to give up all hope of a career. They are not cruel and heartless, but they know the tragedy of wasted lives given over to an ambition that can never be realized. So when they told this one girl to go on studying it meant a great deal.

She followed their advice. In two years money began to run low, and she went back to Kansas City. Harding and Harzfeld, and E. E. Morris, of the Fidelity Savings Trust Company, to whom, as a child of seven, Marion Talley had gone, gravely, with a full savings bank, for advice about the investment of her money, and who is still her banker, were leaders in a new drive to replenish the fund for further study, and, with others, organized two concerts that netted about \$12,000. She went back to New York, free to go on with her work, and in the spring of 1924 Gatti-Cazazza, hearing her again, offered her a contract to sing at the Metropolitan.

It's a little hard to make words convey the significance of that offer. There are world famous artists who have never been asked to sing at the Metropolitan; who hope vainly all their artistic lives for the chance to do so. But Marion Talley, seventeen years old, looked quietly at Gatti and told him she knew she wasn't ready yet to sing in opera!

Gatti recovered from the shock, in time—it is safe to say that nothing like that had ever happened to him before, and that it never will again, either!—and, a year later, in Milan, after Marion Talley had had the benefit of study and direct operatic coaching in the home of her own particular art, he heard her sing for the third time. This time he was more emphatic, and the contract was signed.

Marion Talley's debut was made in the famous and lovely old part of Gilda, in Rigoletto, a rôle rich in tradition and history. There had been nothing like that first appearance of hers in New York in years—not, [Continued on page 52]



*Sometimes a Shadow  
is lifted and Light  
shines through—  
and then we have a  
Drama of HAPPINESS*

# The DARK WING

By  
Arthur Stringer

Illustrated by  
William Meade Prince

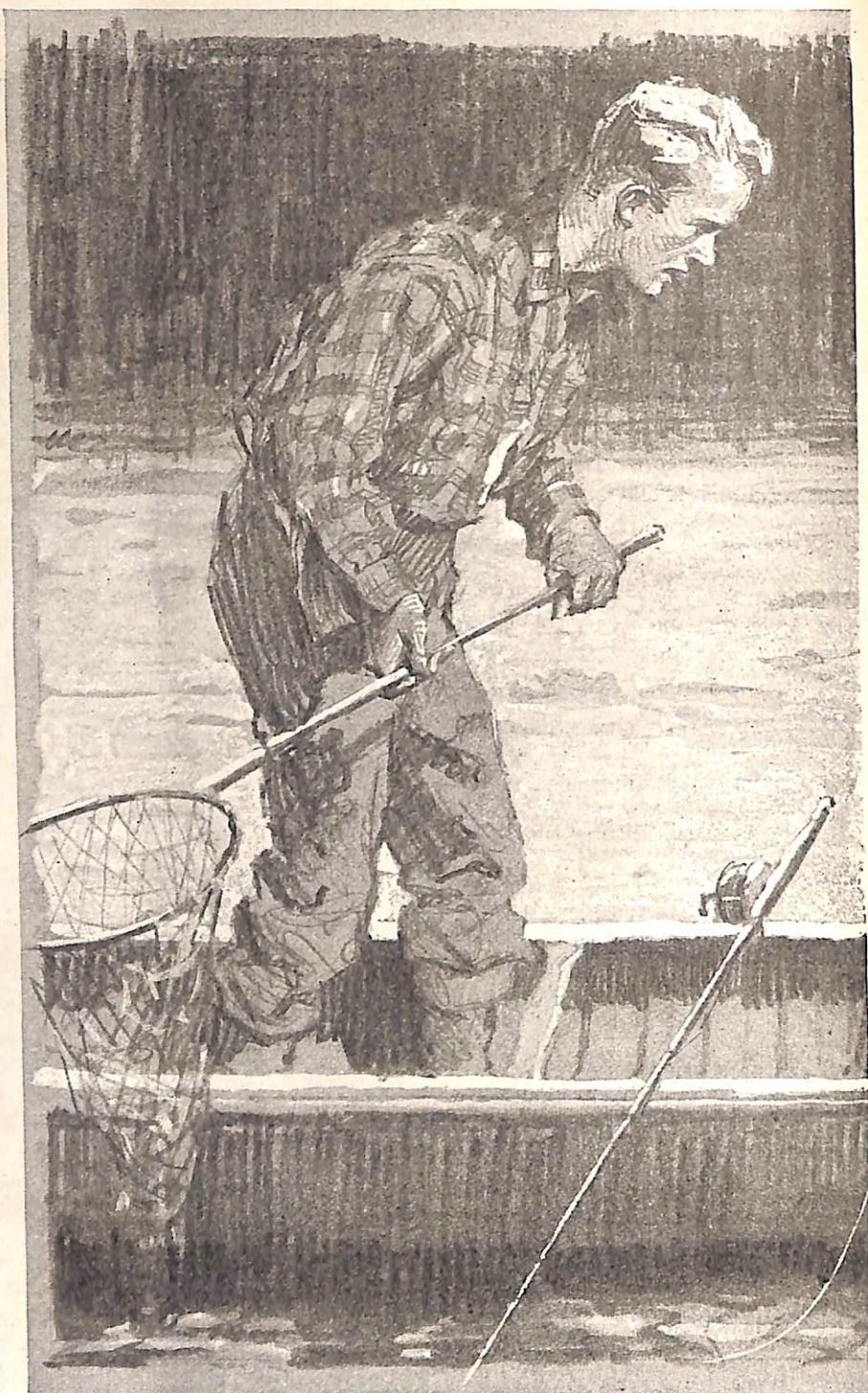
ELSER moved quietly. He wanted no pestering guides at his heels, and above all things, he was anxious to escape the stolidly ubiquitous Hellman. He had a rooted aversion, in fact, to the way this man was forever moving about in his wake, appearing at unexpected moments, and slipping back into the landscape again. It was almost like being shadowed.

Before untying the Peterboro canoe from the boat-landing, Elser even turned and looked back toward the grey-gabled club house, to make sure he was still alone. He wanted neither Hellman nor Dixon, the ferret-eyed club steward, following along after him on that river excursion. His movements, indeed, were almost stealthy as he placed his salmon-rod and landing-net in the canoe-bottom and pushed out into the stream.

For this, Elser felt, was his hour. And he wanted to be alone with it. It was his hour of release, of restoration, of triumph over his own timidities. He had come back to his river of doubt. He had fought his fight on the edge of the Pit and put his heel on its last coiled horror. And all he asked for, now, was peace, peace which could flow over his soul as this quiet river-water flowed over its channel-boulders.

For he no longer hated that river, which had once given him so much and taken so much away from him. He had faced and conquered it. He could come to it now, not searching, but ready to receive. And he would make it disgorge the peace of mind it had once swallowed up, as a hungry pike swallows a perch.

It seemed the essentially right time and place for that final adjustment, Elser indolently admitted as he nested his big body more comfortably in the canoe. For here was no world gone mad with its own tumult. Here was only a big blue day, drowsy with the smell of balsam and juniper, a day so unruffled that as he leaned back in his drifting canoe and filled his pipe he could see a red fox sunning itself in the naked light,



*"Could—could I see where the hook went?" he asked. She moved toward him along the canoe bottom and held up the tiny torn hand.*

sunning itself like a house-dog on a garden-terrace. He could see a blue-jay as it quartered across the valley, rupturing the quietness for a moment before it was swallowed up again by the engulfing hillside pine-gloom.

He could see, as he eddied slowly along those untroubled northern waters, solemn in the shadows and blithe in the shallows, the indolent play of light on the ever-changing surface, blue-green and amber and beryl, with most unexpected quavers of amethyst. Yet it still carried, in some way, its undertone of menace. It even made him think of a snake asleep in the sun, a fantastically colored and delusively quiescent snake. But he turned his back on that thought, with a shrug. For arching over all that sun-clad world of his he could see a sky of robin-egg blue, stainless of cloud, deepening as it mounted and melting endlessly in on itself until it made his eyes ache to watch its pulsating azure.

But it was peace, at last, he told himself as he fumbled with languid fingers through his leaders and fly-book. His river was making amends. It could still carry the promise of its earlier enchantment. It was keeping true to its old-



time sorcery. Elser could even feel it working, like a drug taken into his body. He could feel the old tension relax, pulse by pulse. He could feel lassitude creep, like a tide, in across the mud-flats of his soul. And he told himself that he would sleep again that night, sleep as he hadn't slept for months.

Yet it was more than mere inertia that had taken possession of him. For mixed up with that new-born sense of quietude was a new-born sense of expectancy. He felt, as he drifted down between the pine-covered banks that seemed winding away to the uttermost ends of the world, that he was in some way approaching adventure, approaching it as one approaches a waterfall. He even crooned to himself, childishly, as he squatted relaxed on a thwart and took up his rod and lazily inspected his reel. This, he reminded himself, was the thing he loved. It was the final word in both thrill and skill. And it was going to be his again.

His eyes became intent as he cast, first on one side of his drifting bow and then on the other. His face hardened, from time to time, as he dropped his fly in the tail of a riffle, quavered his pole, and re-cast. Always he watched that riffled water and at the same time measured distances from pool to pool and taunted them with his drifting promise that was likewise a threat. Yet he studiously lengthened his line, at

each cast, throwing farther from side to side as he went, waiting for the electric thrill of his first strike, the flash of a silver-white belly, the leap and rush and slow recovery and the revived sing of the reel at the second and wickeder rush for deeper water. For they were very wise, those silver-bellied wanderers who fought for their freedom. They could grub their hooked jaw against bar-gravel, and do a double-twister high in the air, and slap with their own tail at a taut line, and cartwheel Harlequin-like across a rapid, to rupture that thread of resistance affronting their ancient freedom. And when the explosion came he wanted to be ready for it.

He felt, as he floated on down the winding blue river-valley, that it might come at any moment now, that it was just ahead of him, waiting for him at the next shadowy turn of the wooded shore-line. It was there, he told himself, at the next bend where the clustered cedars hung low over the water. They made a stage fittingly set for the unexpected. They fringed a mirroring quietude out of which commotion might spring like a leopard. They—

"Ah!" cried Elser as he realized he had not been wrong in his surmise. He felt the familiar tug, heard the familiar whine of thin linen fiber tearing through slow-running water, knew once more the old pull of startled life writhing and racing to escape. But he played it craftily, letting his reel



drink up the slack of weariness, watching the resilient steel rod take the recurring strain off his leader, wondering if he should make for shallow water before trying to land his catch. For it was a big fellow. He knew that by the way it came to the surface and went down again, showing a flurry of silver skin, an uncertain flash of creamy white as it went. He felt, as the reel slowly gathered up the thread of its life, that it would go twenty pounds, perhaps thirty. And it was worth battling for.

His hand was a trifle unsteady as he reached back for his landing net. His line had slackened again and it was going to be a shorter battle, after all, than he had counted on. But it was a battle he intended to win. And it was almost won, he realized, as through the cool green water he caught sight of that writhing smooth creamy-whiteness so close beside his canoe-wale. It was there, within reach.

The excitement of it all left his body a little tremulous, but his mind was clear enough as he dropped his rod and caught up the landing-net. His jaw hardened as he slipped the bleached netting in under the sudden maelstrom of movement that broke loose in the green and amber-shadowed water close beside him. For he had no intention, now, of losing it. There was even savagery in his motion as he cupped the thrashing body in the strained white meshes and with one abrupt yet continuous shoulder-swing heaved that lithe and white-skinned slenderness, still fighting, into his canoe.

"I've got you!" he gasped aloud, letting his rod trail overboard as he swung about and leaned forward to hold the twisting creature down on the canoe-bottom, to hold it there with his landing-net until he could at least quiet its struggles with the familiar head-blow. For a live salmon, he knew, could leap lightly enough out of such a place.

It was then that his breath caught in his throat and he stood, oddly poised, like a sail fallen limp in a dead wind. Then he slowly brushed a hand across his eyes and looked away with an animal-like grunt that was half astonishment, half incredulity. For it was not a fish he saw there in his boat, but a slender-bodied human being, a girl with a wet skin and a showing of red between the small fingers of her right hand. She would reach scarcely to his knee—alive and breathing and incredibly small.

"How in God's name did you get here?" he demanded, inadequately enough.

He could see the misty blue of her eyes as her gaze slewed slowly around to his face.

"You've hurt my hand," she complained as she bent over the incredibly small palm in which the barb of the fly-hook was embedded. Her voice was small and bell-like, but clear and oddly abstracted. He could even see her wince of pain as she worked the hook free and cast it away with a shrug of disdain. And he continued to watch her as she lifted the small hand to her mouth and proceeded to suck the blood from the wound, which she sat regarding with frowning intentness.

Elser sat back and took a deep breath. Such things simply didn't happen. They were beyond the realm of reason. They belonged to dreams and nightmares and deliriums. Yet there she was, wet-skinned, smooth-shouldered, dripping a little puddle of river-water on his Peterboro canoe-bottom.

He finally found the courage to reach out and touch her slightly forward-bent body where it shimmered like satin in the oblique sunlight. It was as cool as a salmon lifted from cold water.

"How did you get here?" he foolishly repeated, wondering why his hands should be shaking as they were. He was noticing, for the first time, her hair. It was not deep enough for chestnut, but seemed more a brownish-gold. And it obviously lost a little of its luster through being wet. One damp tress of it, in fact, still fell enticingly across her small brow, like a russet leaf wet against a birch-hole.

"You seemed to want me badly enough," she reminded him, puckering her eyebrows a little against the stronger sunlight as they drifted off from the bank-shadows. And that made him notice, for the first time, the actual contour of her face, which impressed him as incredibly delicate in line.

"Who wouldn't?" demanded Elser, with a gallantry that impressed him, a moment later, as both foolish and out-of-place. "Don't you want to put something on?" he asked as he looked about for his old Mackinaw hunting-jacket.

She laughed at that, musically, and grew sober again. There was, he noticed, a violet tone to the brooding blue of her eyes that made them seem darker than they really were.

"I'm used to this way," she said as she lifted her arms and with her head slightly on one side wrung out her brownish-gold hair, which already began to shine paler in the sunlight.

It struck him as odd that he should think of it at the time, but that hair seemed a mixture of two memories. It was like his little daughter Janet's, only Janet's had been a trifle lighter. And it was like his wife's only Jane's was considerably darker. Even the relaxed body between the canoe-wales became, to his blinking eyes, a strange composite of something remembered, a commingling of the child who had been Janet and the woman who had been Jane.

Yet she was a complete and lovely thing in herself, Elser acknowledged. Only, of course, people weren't made like that, little people, people no bigger than gnomes. One couldn't accept them, couldn't think of them, any more than one could fish about for two-foot mermaids in one's bathtub. It was the sort of thing one dreamed about, perhaps, and was glad enough to forget in the cold grey light of morning. Or it was what children believed in, before they were old enough to distinguish between fact and fancy. It was what his Janet might have believed in, if she had lived long enough to read Grimm and Hans Andersen and the foolish old fables with which medieval nurses still confounded the minds of the young. Yet a fact was a fact and was not to be argued away. If you see a thing, you see it. And one's senses, in the final issue, was all one had to fall back on. She was not only sitting there before him, this satin-bodied girl who reached little higher than his knee, but she was, at the moment, engaged in pushing away, with one of her pointed bare feet, the landing-net that lay in the canoe-bottom. She plainly had no love for that net. And her brow was puckered a little as she looked up quickly when the drifting canoe suddenly stranded on a gravel-bar.

"We're stuck," she observed as she sat with her head once more inclined a little to one side, listening to the musical tattoo of the water-ripples against the thin wood of the canoe-hull. Her attitude impressed Elser as singularly bird-like. And the slender oval of her face, as the abstracted blue eyes met his bluntly pointed stare, impressed him as singularly beautiful.

He made no effort to move, to release the canoe from where the coiling dark current locked it against the river-bar. He would be satisfied, he felt, to remain there until the sun went to bed, to sit there with this elf-like stranger at his side until the shuttle of time wove them together. For his one great fear now was that he would lose her, that she would slip out of his life as abruptly as she had drifted into it. He could even detect a question in the hooded violet eyes as they scanned the blue-shadowed river-bank that merged into a hillside stippled with vigorously marching pines.

"You're—you're not going to be afraid of me?" he somewhat hesitatingly demanded. Facts, after all, had to be faced as facts. And simply because something superlatively rare had happened, for the first time in his life, he had no intention of taking the bit in his teeth and bolting.

"Of course not," answered the small and bell-like voice.

"I really wouldn't—wouldn't have hurt you that way for worlds," he found the courage to tell her.

"I know," she agreed, frowning down at the hand that his hook-barb had wounded.

"Could—could I see where the hook went?" he said. She moved meditatively toward him along the canoe-bottom and held up the tiny torn hand for his inspection.

"Too bad—too bad!" he muttered, and stroked the second small hand that rested on his knee. She sighed deep, at that clumsily tender caress, and when she lifted her eyes to his he thought he saw hunger there.

"You know," he tremulously confessed, "I've a sort of longing to hold you in my arms, to hold you there as I'd hold a flower, or a child of my own, or something too wonderful for words. You—you wouldn't understand that feeling. I suppose?"

He was conscious, as the misty blue eyes studied his face, of her small head-nod of comprehension.

"Hold me," she said.

He took her up with infinite care, holding the small and milky-white body in the hollow of his arms. He could feel her half-languid nestling movements as she settled herself more comfortably against his relaxed shoulder. He could even feel the warmth of her soaking through the rough fiber of his plaid flannel-shirt. And he sighed with contentment.



"You won't let—let the others frighten you away?" he asked. He could hear her soft coo of contentment as her head leaned against his shoulder.

"Your hair is still wet," he said as he stroked the head buried in the hollow of his shoulder. She essayed no immediate answer to that and he thought for a moment that she was falling asleep. But as with infinite tenderness he continued to stroke the small bowed head, passive as a child's, she shuddered in his clasp and suddenly twisted about. He saw the smile die on the small face, and a startled look come into the misty eyes. For across the quiet river-valley came the sudden boom of a calling voice.

"Are you stuck out there?" it asked.

Elser, as he looked up, could see a red-faced man in waders, a huge man in a buff-colored windbreaker, with a rod in his hand, slushing along the farther shallows. It was Walters, the rubicund big doctor from Brooklyn who drank whisky-and-soda and played solitaire of an evening at his own end of the empty Club lounge. And he was standing now, gross and grim and sardonic, staring frowningly out at the tip-tilted canoe.

"Are you in trouble out there?" he bel-lowed, advancing a step or two and coming to a stop again.

Elser, still looking over his shoulder, was conscious of the struggling small figure in his arms. But before he quite knew what was happening, she had freed herself from his clasp, had slipped from his hands and leaped into the lightly running water. He could see the white flash of her shoulders as she ran half-stumbling along the shallows, dipped silver-gold into the main stream, flashed up across the mottled shore-sand and disappeared like a shadow between the shadows of the pine-grove.

"Are you in trouble out there?" came the repeated demand from the red-faced interloper on the opposite bank.

"I've—I've just lost a salmon," Elser called dejectedly back.

The other's laugh echoed raucous across the quiet water.

"It's the big ones that get away," he called back with fraternal derision as he headed down-stream again.

But Elser was no longer interested in him. He was thinking, as he reached for his paddle and pushed off into deeper water, of his loss, of the ivory-white figure that had vanished in the woodland shadows. But there was still a chance, he claimed, of finding her again. He quartered disconsolately back and forth, peering through the sunlight that seemed to have lost so much of its warmth. He even called out, once or twice, called quietly and entreatingly. But no answer came back to him. And no sign of life or movement showed from the terraced gloom where the pines stood straight as sentries.

He remembered, as he paddled listlessly back to the Camp dock, that far-off day of heartbreak in his early boyhood, when he had lost a newly possessed pup and the world was suddenly a place of emptiness. Desolation had eaten at his heart, that day, and his pillow, that night, was wet. But his great need had been answered by a great renewal. His lost dog had come back to him, the next morning, and he learned then how in this life things are held only by love. And even this later need, he argued, would eventually find its answer. He could stand it for a day or two, perhaps. But he could not go on alone, as he had done, week after empty week. That was asking

entirely too much of him.

Elser was back the next day, patrolling the river from pool to pool, drifting watchful-eyed about the mirroring bank-bends, studying the deeper shadows along the wooded shore-line. But nothing came of it all. And he blamed himself for having been dull-witted in not snatching at some testimony to his adventure, in not taking out his knife, when he had the chance, and snipping off a tress of that gold-brown hair. It would be an olive-branch to reassure his wandering Ark of uncertainty.

He was, however, a trifle less artless when he renewed his quest the next day. He didn't intend to have the placid-eyed Hellman poking a finger in this pie, just as he didn't



propose to see that ginger-headed doctor peering into his affairs or that ferret-faced English steward snooping along his trail. So when he went forth he went duly equipped with rod and leaders and flies, patently and plainly to fish for salmon. He even went so far as to hook and land one, a fighting twenty-pounder that kept him busy for half-an-hour. But, prolonged as that struggle proved, Elser took no active and actual interest in the outcome of it. His mind was on other things. He was preoccupied with a cross-examination of his own memory, debating within himself as to how much of his earlier river-adventure might be fact and how much might be fancy. He even began to feel, as the afternoon wore away, a renewed craving for some substantiating evidence of the incredible, a need for something more tangible than his own mental impressions. Then, of a sudden, he laughed aloud. For there, on his canoe-thwart, was the answer. There, dried and slightly darkened by time, was the telltale small stain of blood. It stared up at him, as authentic as a written document. It lay before his eyes, a reassuring seal, the seal of a small ivory-white hand wounded by a salmon hook, the same small hand that had clung so closely and so confidently about his sunburned neck.

He could almost persuade himself, as he closed his eyes, of that small presence once more beside him there in the canoe, studying him with eyes of misty blue, crowding in between his knees in that keen and child-like hunger for companionship. He started foolishly as the branches of a cedar, leaning low over the water, brushed his forehead, for it seemed to him strangely like the flutter of a small hand about his face. He even opened his eyes abruptly, at that, and reached down for his paddle to back away from the shore-shallows. He noticed, as he did so, the stir in the second leaning cedar, the commotion along the blue-green twigs, the sag and up-swing of the weighted bole as a small body flashed ivory-white through the leafage and dropped lightly between the wales of his drifting canoe.

He could feel the tremor go through the frail craft, at that impact, but a deeper tremor went through his own forward-bent body as he sat staring at her with satisfied eyes.

"I knew you'd come back," he said, doing his best to speak calmly.

She was not smiling, this time. Her face, in fact, was intent and grave, with an altogether new ardency in the wistfully shadowed eyes.

"I had to come," she acknowledged with child-like directness. "You needed me, didn't you?"

"Tremendously," he proclaimed, a little breathless at her beauty. One would have to love her, he felt, as one loved statuary, as one loved the incorruptible and impregnable white contours of marble.

"Then what are we going to do about it?" she asked, a frown of trouble puckering her small and Pan-like forehead. He sat, without speaking, as she moved slowly toward him, her eyes intent on his face. She impressed him, in the cooling evening air, as calamitously unsheltered and fragile, as tragically in need of warmth and protection.

"Why couldn't you come along with me?" he tremulously inquired.

"Could I?" she asked.

"Why not?" he demanded.

She climbed, of her own free will, up into his slightly unsteady arms.

"It means I'll have to be with you, always and always," she murmured as she nestled contentedly.

"Of course," he assured her. Her flesh felt cold, so he quietly took off his thick Mackinaw and wrapped her up in it. Then he looked about, touched by the fringe of an invisible fear. Above all things, he felt, he wanted to get her away from the open. He wanted to be sure of her, as one wants to be sure of a salmon not yet brought to gaff.

"You'll have to come back to the Club with me," he explained. "And then we can talk over what's best to be done."

"All right," she agreed, with child-like unconcern. But again the fringe of an invisible fear trailed across his consciousness.

"You won't let—let the others frighten you away?" he asked, his great hand stroking the small head against his shoulder.

He could hear her soft coo of contentment.

"Then we'll stick together, to the last ditch," he proclaimed as the last trailing fog-end of desolation slipped out of his heart.

But, for all the wine of happiness that sang in his veins, he was doubly guarded as he made his way back to the club house. He was not yet ready for the prying eyes of the outside world. And he had no inclination to explain things, as yet, to the opaque-eyed Hellman or the ferret-faced Dixon or the ginger-headed giant from Brooklyn. He waited his chance, in fact, and hurried to his room with his precious burden bundled close in his Mackinaw. Once there, he locked the door behind him, placed his burden in an abraded arm-chair between his dresser and writing-table, and watched her as she looked with curious mild eyes about those none too home-like sleeping-quarters.

"This will be wonderful," she said with the contentment of a tired child. "Shall we eat here?"

"Eat?" he echoed, oddly arrested. "Yes, we'll eat here, of course. I'll order dinner served up here in my room."

He disliked the thought of keeping her out of sight while the ferret-faced English steward, showing the occasional white of an eye, carried in the folding table and duly burdened it with food and its dishes for two. But Elser was wary enough to keep the door locked, until they had dined, and then with his own hand gathered up the dishes and put them outside in the hall. He even sighed with relief as he saw the room was cleared and the last threat of intrusion had vanished. He found his companion's small hand smothering a yawn.

"Tired?" he asked.

She nodded her head in assent. And Elser, standing over her with a troubled frown, wondered how he could fix her up for the night. He decided, eventually, to take his two Scotch steamer-rugs and one of his pillows and make a shake-down for her in the room corner, next to his trunk. It could be made quite cozy and comfortable. And she seemed to like the thought of that corner, just as she seemed to like the softness of the rug-wool, which she stroked appreciatively, from time to time, with her small fingers. Even after he had seen to it that she was carefully covered, she rubbed crooningly against the soft wool with her cheek.

"You won't go away?" she half-sleepily inquired.

"Not by a long shot," was Elser's prompt reply. He sat, in fact, smoking and watching her until quite late. He sat with a strange new contentment in his heart, watching the quiet rise and fall of the Scotch steamer-rug, the dewy softness of the small face half-hidden by the crooked elbow on which it rested. And when he knew her to be off, for the night, he knocked out his pipe and wound his watch and went to bed with a bevy of skylarks singing in his tired body.

Twice during the night, however, he got up and crossed to the corner, to make sure she was still there. And reassuring strong waves of relief swept through him as his ears caught the continuous soft rhythm of her breathing in the midnight quietness. She was there, to save and console him. She was there, alive and bright, to companion him through the isolating blackness of Time.

That was the thought which came back to him, sharp as an echo, when he first awakened in the morning and found her still sleeping warm in her room-corner nest. The sight of her there, definite and indisputable, put the last of his half-waking fears to rout. It was like a thrush in one's garden, at the end of a bleak winter. Now all life would be different. There would be no more desolation.

Even his room, as he surreptitiously dressed in the rose-colored light of early dawn, seemed too small to contain that solemn and rhapsodic new joy of his. He had a longing to get outside and proclaim it to the morning sun, to let happiness bubble from his loosened throat as it bubbled from the throat of April's first robin in one's still frozen garden. He had his reprieve, and he intended to shout it exultantly to the morning hills.

It was the rubicund Walters who swung a door angrily open, half an hour later, and intercepted Dixon in the hallway.

"What's that blithering fool yodeling around for at this time in the morning?" demanded the ginger-headed giant.

"That's Mr. Elser, sir," explained the discreet-eyed Dixon.

"And who is Mr. Elser?" asked Walters.

"E's a Pittsburgh millionaire, sir, but 'e's been a bit queer ever since 'is little girl was lost up 'ere in the river."

"How d'you mean, lost?"

"She was drowned, sir, a year ago," explained Dixon. "And 'is wife was that broke up she left 'im over it."

"But what's wrong with him?" demanded the frowning man in pajamas.

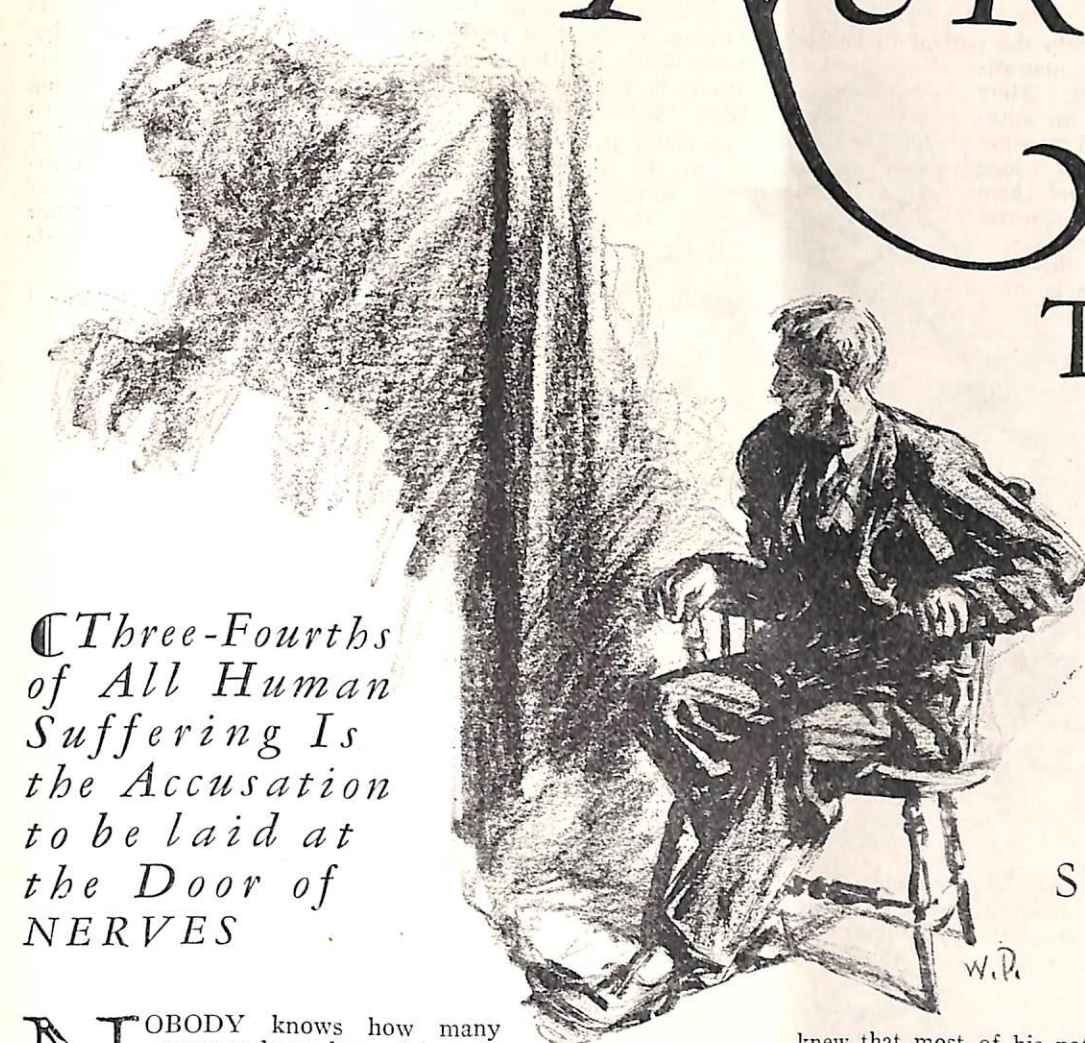
[Continued on page 53]

# Our NERVES

-and the  
TRICKS

They  
Play

By  
FRANK  
PARKER  
STOCKBRIDGE



Three-Fourths  
of All Human  
Suffering Is  
the Accusation  
to be laid at  
the Door of  
NERVES

Nobody knows how many persons have been driven to the verge of self-destruction by the taunts and ridicule of those around them who fail to recognize in their manifestations of the mysterious malady, "nerves" a real and uncontrollable form of illness. Nobody would make fun of a person suffering from smallpox, but to laugh at one who lacks courage to "stand up to" the boss or who gets dizzy and faint in an emergency is as cruel as it would be to jeer at the unfortunates in a pest-house.

For the sufferer from "nerves" is really ill, as every physician whose medical education is up to date knows. "Nerves" send more persons to the doctors' offices than all other ailments combined. They account for three-fourths of all human suffering and misery; and only within a comparatively short time has the medical profession found out the causes, and hence the way to cure the victims of "nerves" who crowd their waiting rooms, flit between health resorts or merely sit around the house and "enjoy poor health."

They are ill, but there isn't anything the matter with them, to put the case paradoxically. Three-quarters of all the patients who go to the average doctor have nothing wrong with their physical organism. Their bodies are sound in every way. They are sick folk, but their illness is not physical; it is psychic. They are as sane as you or I, but their ailments originate in their minds. Nothing is the matter with the structure of their brains or nervous systems; they merely are not functioning properly.

"Nerves," that's all.

In my day in medical college, nearly forty years ago, the faculty paid little attention to such things. We didn't even have a professor of nervous diseases, though it was a good medical college, as they went in that day. Every physician

knew that most of his patients were suffering from "nerves," but they didn't know what to do about it. Most of them, indeed, thought there wasn't anything that could be done about it.

"Imagination," they said to themselves, if not to the patients, and gave the latter a dose of physic and some bread pills. A good many doctors, for that matter, still look upon nervous disorders from that same old-fashioned point of view; which is one of the reasons why so many cults of mental therapy have arisen and flourished. They offered the neurotic patient—the sufferer from a "neurosis" or failure of the nervous system to function properly—something which the medical profession could not or did not offer, a cure for "nerves."

There isn't any doubt whatever that many of these cults have done a great deal of good for a large number of persons. There also isn't the slightest doubt in the world that most of them claim to do a great deal more than they actually can accomplish. Organic disease and broken bones are not healed by mental means, nor are deep-seated neuroses removed by incantations. But among them, these cults have accomplished one highly beneficial result. The medical profession accepted the challenge of their rapid growth and wide-spread popularity and began to inquire seriously into the subject of "nerves."

For a quarter of a century and more, many of the ablest minds among the ranks of physicians have been devoting themselves to the study of nervous disorders and their physical manifestations. Scientific research and experiment have replaced the old empirical guess-work, and the modern treatment of neurosis does not stop with merely relieving the symptoms but goes to the bottom of things, discovers the cause and removes that.

And the doctors have dropped the word "imaginary."



No intelligent physician today is satisfied merely to relieve the symptoms caused by nerves. The medical man's job has broadened enormously; he has to dig deeper into the causes of illness and to be spiritual counselor to his patient as well as dispenser of prescriptions and pills. For one of the things which modern research has proved is that the cure of every case of nerves is, in the last resort, in the hands of the patient himself.

About all the doctor can do is help the patient to find out the cause of his or her particular neurosis and teach him how to overcome it. Mere discovery of the cause works as an automatic cure in many cases. And another thing the doctors have learned is that a long list of "diseases" which used to fool them as well as their patients are not real diseases at all, but spurious imitations manufactured by the nerves, and which disappear as soon as their real nature is clearly recognized by the patient.

There is hardly a disease, outside of the list of febrile infections, which cannot be simulated by a disordered nervous system. In fact, almost every disease is so simulated, often so closely that only the physician, highly skilled in diagnosis, equipped with modern laboratory devices, and with a broad understanding of the tricks which a disordered nervous system can play, is able to say with certainty that the symptoms do not mean what they seem to indicate. Ulcers and tumors of every sort, heart disease, neuritis, appendicitis, rheumatism, paralysis, even blindness—those are only a few of the diseases which an unbalanced nervous system frequently imitates. The imitation is never quite perfect, however. To the trained physician there is always some clue which gives the trick away.

It makes no practical difference at the time to the sufferer, however, whether his nausea is caused by an ulcer of the stomach or by nerves; he feels just as badly. The person with a nervous breakdown, fatigue, insomnia or an unsteady heart is just as ill as if there were something organically wrong with his vital organs. And the less definitely localized manifestations of nerves, such as fear, anxiety, worry, hysteria and the terrible depression which we often call "the blues" are real illnesses. The sufferer from nerves, the medical men have learned, is a sick person, even though there are no drugs in the physician's list, no instruments in the surgeon's kit, which will cure him.

I should have written "cure her," for there are more women than men among the victims of nerves, though the male sex is far from being immune. Many a man has "gone to pieces" with a nervous breakdown, or in some other way found himself incapacitated for work or for the enjoyment of life, when the only thing the matter with him was a failure to adjust himself and his life to his social or business environment and demands.

That is what the whole problem of nerves comes to. One of the wisest physicians in the world answered my question with a single word when I asked him to tell me the underlying cause of the great increase in nervous disorders.

"Civilization," was his reply. He explained that he meant the whole artificial code of life.

"If we could go back, which nobody with any sense would want to do, to a primitive state of society, where we would live like the other animals, there would be no such thing as nervous disorders," he said. "In a state of nature, animals and humans use their bodies as they were meant to be used. They 'let off steam,' as it were, whenever the pressure manifests itself; but in a civilized community we lack the physical outlet for energy which the lower animals find in the pursuit

of their food and their mates, and we have to keep our emotions, anger, fear, jealousy, joy, greed, hatred, love, more or less camouflaged and bottled up. Unless we find civilized equivalents for these natural manifestations we get into a peck of trouble."

It is trouble from which the victim can extricate himself, however, once he is shown the way. That discovery, that a large proportion of the ills which flesh is heir to are self-curable, is the most important addition to medical knowledge since Galen and Hippocrates separated the practise of medicine from the practise of priestcraft. The pendulum is swinging back. There is an analogy between the methods of the modern specialist in nervous disorders and the magical intervention of the ancient priesthoods. The approach in both instances is through the mind rather than the body of the patient; but instead of relying upon blind belief and superstition, the modern practitioner appeals to the reason.

"Ignorance and false ideas," was the reply I got from another famous specialist, to my question as to the cause of nervous disorders. "All of us believe things which are not true, in matters of health."

"As for example?" I suggested.

"Well, I will list for you six common beliefs which are all wrong," was the reply. "Everybody, almost, believes that eight hours sleep is essential to health and that insomnia is dangerous; that overwork leads to nervous breakdowns and necessitates a long rest; that a carefully planned diet with plenty of 'roughage' is essential to health; that modern life is so strenuous that our nerves give way under the mere strain of living;

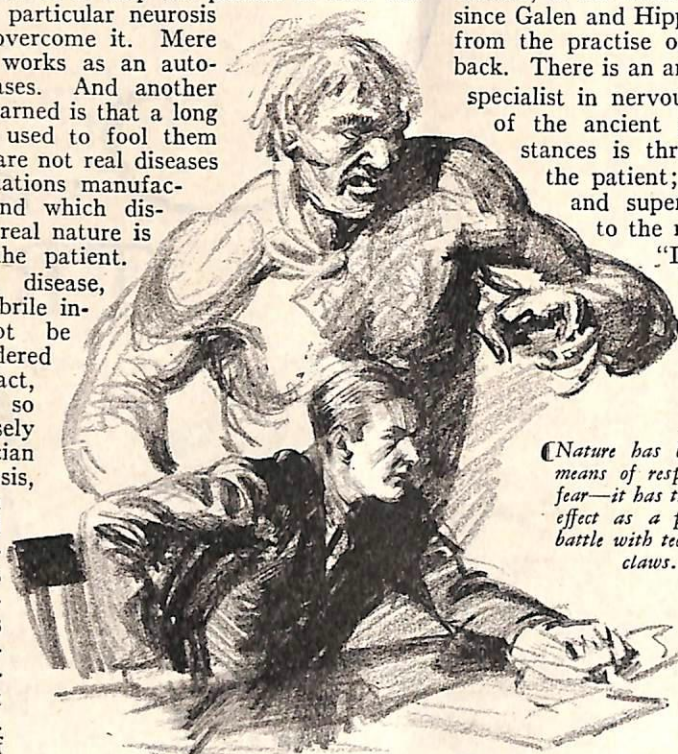
that brain work causes brain-fag and exhaustion; that constipation is at the root of most physical ailments and is caused by eating the wrong kind of food."

I had to admit that I had always shared the general belief in the truth of those allegations.

"Not one of them is true, unless you believe it is true," said the doctor. "It is believing that such things will hurt you that makes them hurt you. You are afraid of certain bad effects, and the bad effects arrive as per schedule. Once get over your fear, and none of the things you have been afraid of can do you the slightest harm."

Fear of something, of evil or embarrassing consequences, is at the root of nine-tenths of all nervous disorders. The nerves are sound, but they are carrying false messages to the brain, and our conscious minds cannot discriminate between the false and the true. We are afraid of something, but our thinking minds are not aware that we are afraid. The non-thinking mind, that part of the nervous system which controls our unconscious acts, knows perfectly what we are afraid of, and why; but it takes good care to keep it a secret by attributing the sub-conscious distress to anything but fear—to a fictitious neuritis at a point where there is no nerve-trunk to be inflamed, to physical exhaustion, to indigestion or heart disease, a tumor or some other non-existent organic weakness. And we jump to the conclusion that we have done some of the half-dozen dangerous things which I have just listed, or in some other way put undue strain upon our physical bodies, whereas the only part of us which has been under strain is that intangible something which we can only describe, without defining, as the ego, conscience, psyche or the soul.

Every one of us must have had some experience with fear and its reactions upon the body. The only perfectly fearless person is the individual whose intelligence is so low he cannot recognize danger. And everyone who has known fear knows that the nerve specialist is right when he says: "We fear not in our hearts alone, not in our brains alone, not in our viscera alone—fear influences every organ and tissue . . . Under the stimulus of fear animals are able to perform preternatural feats of strength. For the same reason, the exhaustion following fear will be increased as the powerful stimulus of fear drains the cup of nervous energy, even though no visible action may result . . . Man assumed his new rôle of increased



(Nature has but one means of response to fear—it has the same effect as a physical battle with teeth and claws.)

domination over the physical world but a moment ago. And now, though sitting at his desk in command of the complicated machinery of civilization, when he fears a business catastrophe his fear is manifested in the terms of his ancestral physical battle in the struggle for existence. He cannot fear intellectually, he cannot fear dispassionately; he fears with all his organs, and the same organs are stimulated and inhibited as if, instead of its being a battle of credit, or position, or honor, it were a physical battle with teeth and claws . . . Nature has but one means of response to fear, and whatever its cause, the phenomena are always the same—always physical."

The doctor is speaking of conscious fears; but they play a comparatively small part in the development of neurosis. "Nerves" come chiefly from the buried fears nurtured in the subconsciousness. And the problem of the psychotherapist is to uncover those fears and find out where they came from.

One of the foremost analysts of human behavior declares that we are born with only two inherited fears. The newborn baby is afraid of a loud noise, and of being dropped, and of nothing else in the world. Everything else of which we are afraid, he contends, we have been taught to fear, by ourselves or others. This process of instilling fear into the human mind begins, literally, in the cradle, and results in an adult life filled with suppressed emotions, buried so deeply in the subconscious that we do not know that we have them.

"Suppressions?" I hear the reader echo. "That has something to do with psycho-analysis, hasn't it. Isn't it all about sex?"

Sex, it happens, is far from being the only cause, but there has been more said and written on this phase of the subject than on others, partly because a good many writers want to be smart and shock their readers.

The seeds which in later life flower into neurosis are implanted in infancy. Before a child is six its emotional habits have become fixed. Its happiness or unhappiness in its mature life will largely be determined by the character of the "images" impressed upon it in babyhood. It will grow up a conscious or, more often, an unconscious rebel against the restrictions of the social order, if in the nursery there has been too much emotional rebellion against family discipline. If the child has been taught, or led to infer without teaching directly, that any of the processes of life is unrefined or disgusting, be sure that when it grows up the conflict between the subconscious repression of normal instincts and the effort to live happily and healthfully will result in another victim of "nerves." And the child who, either from excess of imagination or lack of natural outlets for its physical energy, forms the habit of day-dreaming, of substituting wishes for action, is bound to have a difficult time in later years in making the adjustments necessary for happiness in this very practical world.

Modern medical science traces practically every form of nerves to one of those wrong beliefs or habits of thought established in infancy. The wise physician, confronted with a case of nerves, asks questions calculated to disclose the patient's youthful impressions, beliefs and emotions, in the hope of putting his finger upon the buried fear or the repressed desire which lies at the bottom of the symptoms.

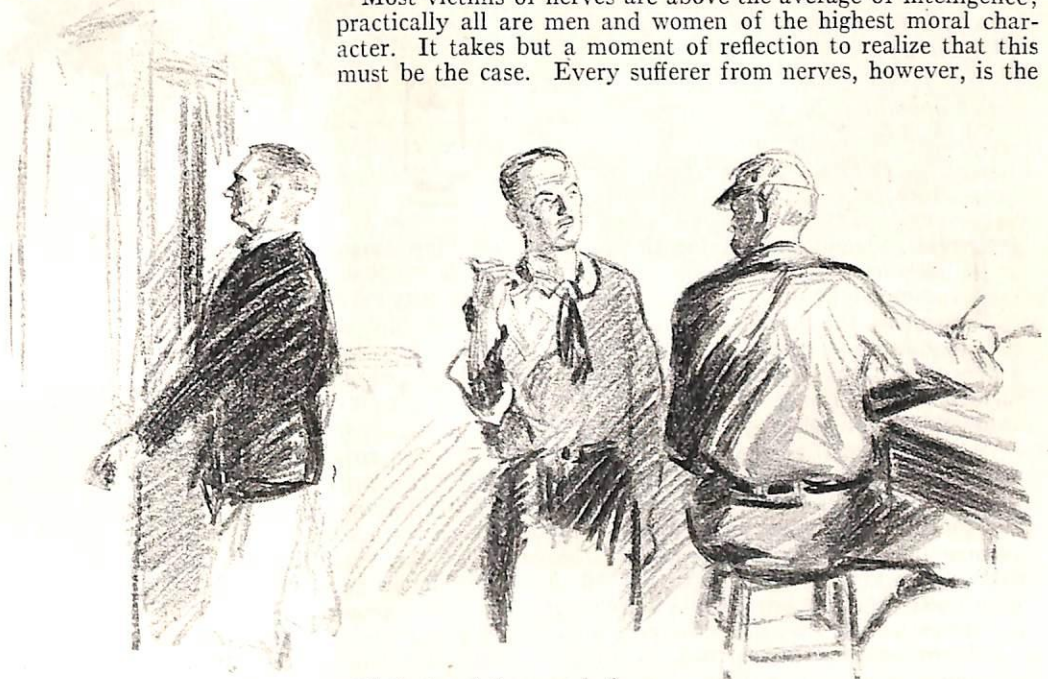
That is often not easy to discover. It has no apparent relation to the symptoms. The patient does not know of its existence; if he did there would be no illness. The individual has been compelled to live in a world in which the expression of the infantile emotions would be out of place, where self-respect and the desire to conform to the common standards of behavior require the concealment of childish fears, beliefs and habits. But this concealment has not been done consciously. In the effort to reconcile the ego to its environment the causes which originally gave rise to the detrimental emotions and beliefs have been not only forgotten but disguised.

In our conscious lives we all assume characters which conform to the standards which we must desire to emulate among those about us, and we rationalize our own shortcomings. We are all of us "fooling ourselves" a good deal of the time. We find good reasons, satisfactory to ourselves and usually plausible to others, for not doing things which we are afraid to undertake, without realizing that it is our buried fears, left over from infancy, which actually control our decisions. The business failure regards the successful man's methods as unethical. The moral coward defends his inferiority by belittling the boss whom he fears.

And most of us get away with it. Our inhibitions and fears are not so binding, our suppressed desires and emotions not so obstreperous, as to cause us any serious trouble, though few of us ever free ourselves from the bondage of our immature experiences sufficiently to realize our fullest capacity for life and achievement. There are almost illimitable stores of untapped energy in every human mind, far more energy in every human body than many of us ever use. It is self-renewing energy, too, once we learn how to use it. But we are mostly content to muddle through life after a fashion, rationalizing or excusing our failures to ourselves by falling back upon such alibis as the six false fears in which everybody believes, or something else equally plausible.

The neurotics, those who become "nerves" patients, are the ones who break under the strain of suppression without the slightest realization on their part that such things exist within themselves. An emotional crisis of some kind—and their variety is infinite—occurs, and the personality ridden by an unrealized failure to adjust his or her life to the realities of life becomes ill, because illness is the most convincing and convenient excuse for failure to meet an unpleasant situation effectively.

Most victims of nerves are above the average of intelligence; practically all are men and women of the highest moral character. It takes but a moment of reflection to realize that this must be the case. Every sufferer from nerves, however, is the



(The business failure regards the successful man's methods as unethical. The moral coward defends his inferiority by belittling the boss whom he fears.)

possessor of what has been termed an "ingrowing ego," and the victim of over-sensitive emotional reactions.

The cure for nerves begins and ends with the recognition by the patient of the falsity of the fears which have controlled his emotions and handicapped his effort to live and act normally. It is a curious but very important fact that once the hidden cause is dug up out of the subconscious and lifted into the light where it can be examined by the intelligence the cure is often instantaneous and complete. Sometimes this process of discovery is simple and easy; sometimes it calls for a long-drawn-out process. Most of the specialists in this sort of thing, however, hold that if a cure can be effected by a simple re-direction of a patient's energies, appealing to the reason to break up wrong habits of thought, it is better to let the dead past alone.

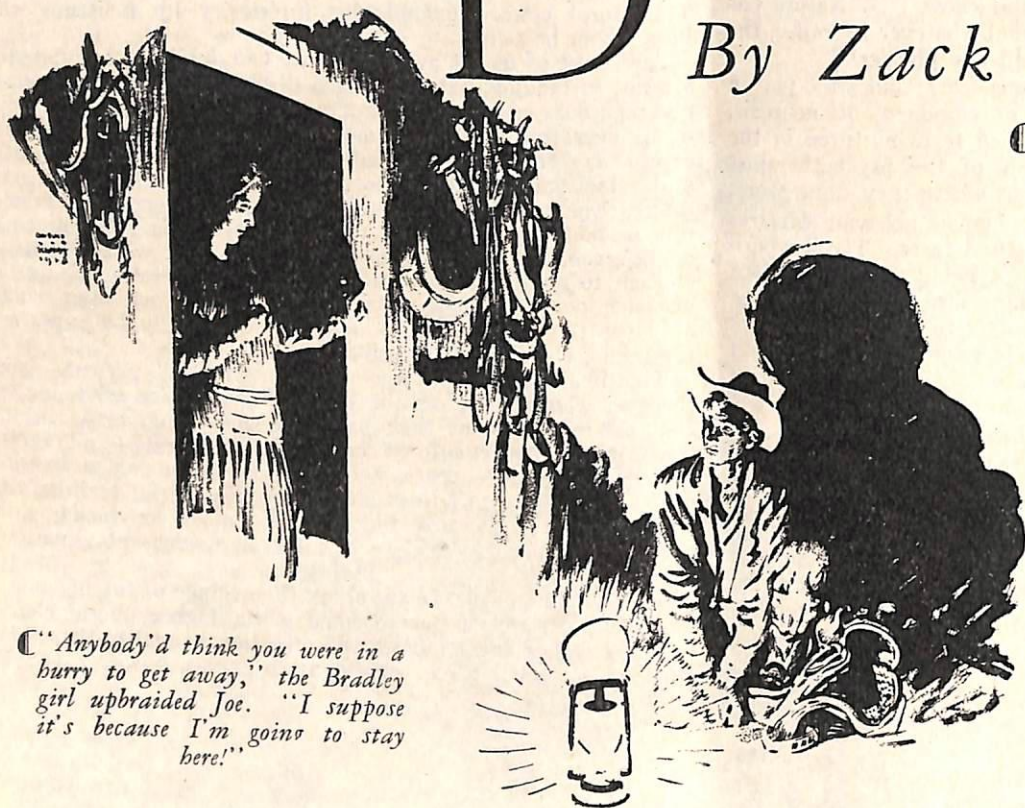
Once the sufferer from nerves really understands that the trouble is entirely psychic, compounded of over-sensitiveness and uncontrolled emotionalism, it is [Continued on page 43]



# A DASH OF DIPLOMACY

By Zack Cartwright

Illustrations by  
Harold Von Schmidt



"Anybody'd think you were in a hurry to get away," the Bradley girl upbraided Joe. "I suppose it's because I'm going to stay here!"

THE first intimation Joe Hatch had of anything unusual was on noting that the east-end stage had got to Ross's stopping-house on time that evening. This was really out of the ordinary, considering it was spring and the trail to Edson was mostly a fine quality of glue where it wasn't a poor soup. Joe had been out on the upper benches engaged in what he would have called "looking after" the small band of cattle that belonged to Alexander Ross.

Actually he had been chasing them briskly back and forth across the more open reaches of the benchlands for the express purpose of making them wild. Wild cattle required expert, cow-puncherish handling, which Joe expected to supply. And when a man was busy riding around through the brush after cattle, he was not doing some less pleasant task under Mr. Ross's active direction. While stabling his horse, Joe mused on the variety of ways there were of killing a cat.

"Where you been?" the cook demanded. "Lor I were abaht to send a runner after you! An' 'er askin' ever fifteen minutes, ain't Mr. 'Atch 'ome yet. You better wash up an' chase right over to th' cabin an' see wot's to be done. The big un were cryin'—any'ow she 'ad been, an' th' little un 'ad probly been cussin'. Least it looked 'at way to me!"

Joe Hatch had not started to wash up but had stood there gaping at the cook in a dull, uncomprehending fashion.

"Who?" he demanded finally. "Who's been cryin' f'r me an' astin' ain't I home yet?"

"Not f'r you," the cook explained. "It's th' big un cryin', f'r somepin else, an' th' little sandy-haired Bradley girl askin' ain't you come yet. See?"

"Bradley? Is she—did—why good gosh! Lemme outa here!"

Nothing was clear to Joe Hatch except that the red-haired Bradley girl was there and had asked for him. The rest of it could wait. He rushed to the small outside cabin and had started to knock on the door when it was snatched open and Miss Bradley herself appeared. Even in the fading evening light Joe was able to observe that she did not appear to be overjoyed at seeing him. She scowled a small fierce scowl up at him and proceeded to give him fits for not coming sooner.

"If it was some other girl that stopped here you'd be running your head off to do something for her that she probably

didn't even want done. But where it's somebody that wants to ask a little favor of you, why you can't be found!"

"Land, I just—"

"We might as well walk around somewhere," she interrupted. "It's private, what I want to say, and Miss Colburn's resting herself just now. Let's go down toward the river."

They followed a narrow, little-used path, walking in silence till the Bradley girl said: "You might as well take my arm instead of us bumping this way!" Joe accepted this suggestion, keeping a firm hold on Miss Bradley's flipper as they walked and she made explanation.

"Her name's Miss Colburn and that's her pa she's traveling with and that other man with glasses is her fian—they're engaged."

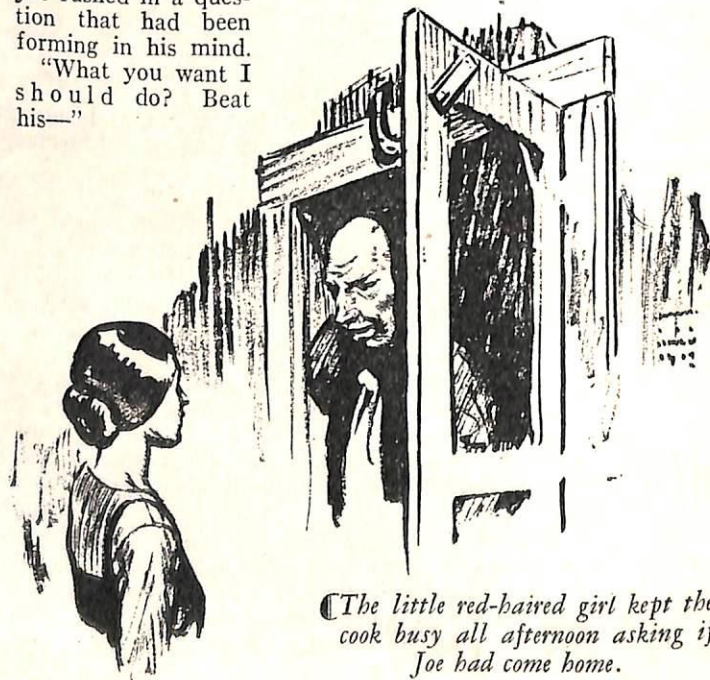
Only he treats her like dirt! If any man was to do me the way he does, when she's only affectionate by nature, why I'd—"

"What'd he do?" Joe demanded aggressively, though he was uncertain just where he came in on this.

"Her pa's a big lumber man from Ottawa," the girl went right on, "and this Fitzherbert is his chief boss or bookkeeper, or whatever it is where you own saw-mills and whole forests. And he won't let her call him Fitzie! You'd think he owned the earth already and he treats her just as cold! He didn't want her to come on this trip, and yesterday when the stage got stuck, he threw it up to her about her being large, when all he had to do was carry her a little piece to dry ground."

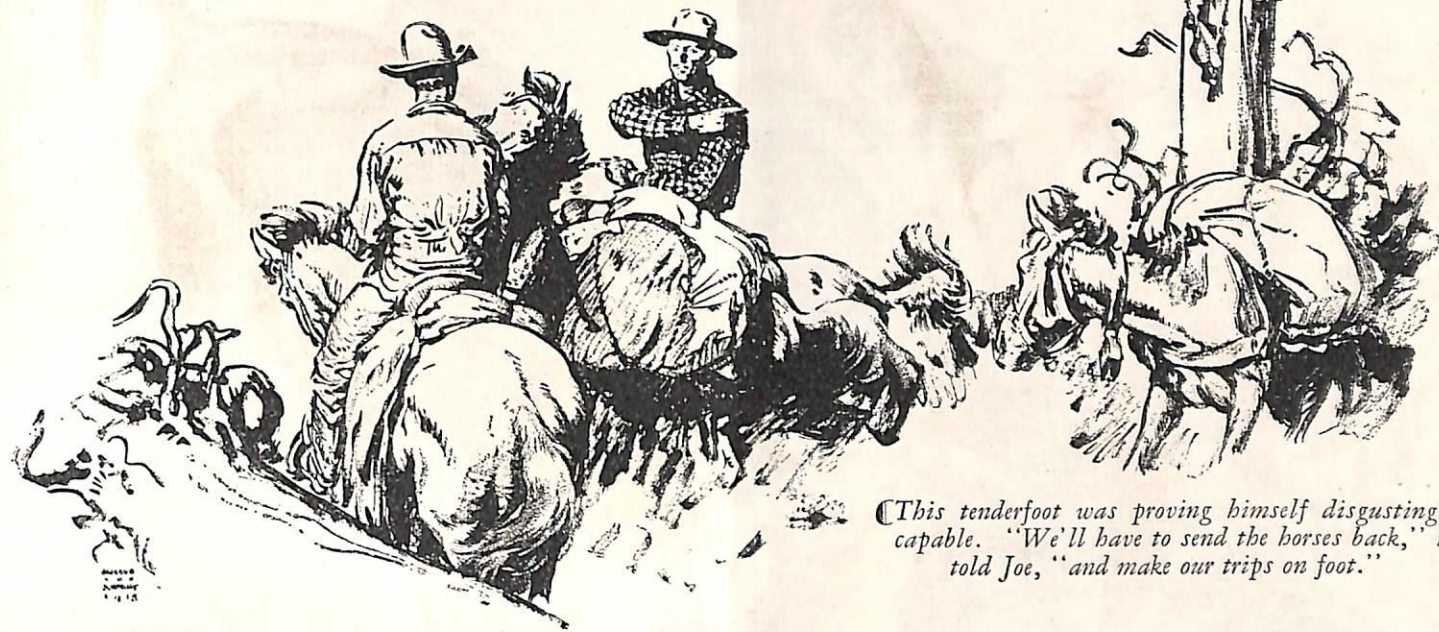
The girl allowed a brief pause here and Joe rushed in a question that had been forming in his mind.

"What you want I should do? Beat his—"



"The little red-haired girl kept the cook busy all afternoon asking if Joe had come home."

(The Red-Haired Girl sets Joe Hatch to conspiring—and Joe does the best he knows



"This tenderfoot was proving himself disgustingly capable. 'We'll have to send the horses back,' he told Joe, 'and make our trips on foot.'"

"Aren't I telling as fast as I can? He's simply breaking her heart piece at a time and today she rode on the back seat with me and made her pa ride with this Fitzherbert. His name's Leroy Fitzherbert, and he won't let her call him even Roy. 'Dearie,' she says to me, 'whatever am I going to do? It's just killing me to have him so frigid! She's twenty-seven and he's over thirty-eight. I told her he was too old! And I told her what I'd do!"

"There's not any man worth wrecking your life over," I told her. 'I'd break off the engagement and let him suffer if he wants to. Make your pa move out West some place and see how quick there's other men ready to notice you! Why I could a been engaged two dozen times last summer,' I told her. And I could too!" the girl unaccountably saw fit to add.

"So I—ouch! You're hurting my arm! Well, anyway, there isn't any use in me telling you what I wanted, 'cause you wouldn't do it. Men'll stick up for each other, no matter if one of 'em is cold-blooded and mean. They like to see women suffer! You'd—"

"Lissen!" Joe Hatch commanded. "I don't know what you want done yet, but I'll do it. Even before you tell me! That's proof, ain't it, that they's one man 't ain't a pure skunk? If you want I should bust him a few, I'll go right up an' do it now. This girl ain't nothin' to me, either, but I got feelin's same as anybody else! An' about these dern homesteaders hangin' round you ever' summer, why—"

The Bradley girl spoke up to say that there was no need of his swearing and nearly pinching her arm off. She was glad to learn that he had feelings and sympathy for her girl friend of eight whole days and would be willing to assist in saving her from a matrimonial misfortune.

"Do you know where Tepee Mountain is?" she asked.

"No, but I reckon I could find it. Why?"

"It's off south of the Wapiti," the girl explained. "There's a pack-trail runs from the Flying Shot south across the Wapiti to Big Meadow and nearly to it. Beyond it the Cutbank comes down to the Big Smoky and beyond that is the Porcupine. Rivers. All you have to do is remember that and be around tonight when Mr. Colburn asks your boss, Mr. Ross, about hiring you to take pack-horses and guide this old Fitzherbert up there. You just say you know the country and that you'll go. I'll tell you the rest tomorrow. That is if you really meant what you said about—"

"Sure, I'll do it," Joe promised. "An' about them cussed homesteaders this summer—"

"My it's late!" the girl exclaimed. "I'll have to run."

The Bradley girl had been entirely correct in saying that Mr. Colburn was a big lumber man from Ottawa. He would

have been big as an apple man from the Okanogan; a rosy, orbicular gentleman who carried his fat evenly disposed about his person.

His daughter, Miss Cla-rees, as the Bradley girl had it, was, beyond any doubt, her father's own child. Without seeking to make questionable comment on a lady's person, it might be said that hers was passing that borderland that distinguishes figures from shapes. But the matronly aspect that was already hers was somewhat belied by a definitely ingenue temperament. Here was, one feared, the kind of a girl who would sit emotionally on people's laps with slight provocation.

The chief boss or bookkeeper, Mr. Fitzherbert, was no more than a methodical, painstaking feeder. He wore glasses that fastened with drop-latches over his ears and a dun-colored mustache of the modified walrus type.

When supper was over and the ladies had departed Mr. Colburn beamed at Alexander Ross and beckoned him with a plump forefinger. And Joe remembered his cue in time to be present before anything was said. The man Fitzherbert scowled at Joe's intrusion, but Mr. Colburn merely included the young man in his benevolent smile. He was desirous of hiring a guide and pack-horses, Mr. Colburn explained, and he had been told that Mr. Ross could supply them. Say, two packs and a stout saddle beast for Fitz here, and of course the food and necessary gear for a two or three weeks' trip.

"Could you furnish those items and a competent, trustworthy person as packer and guide? The man would be rather important. Fitz, here, is the salt of the earth, but he's inclined to be liverish and difficult at times. Eh, Fitz? It would need to be a stoud lad, understand, with a dash of diplomacy about him. What say, Mr. Ross?"

Mr. Ross answered that as for the horses and gear, he could manage it. "But a discreet man, now—"

He was meaning to say more. But Joe Hatch, who was sitting just opposite, had been feeling about with his foot and at this point he kicked his employer cruelly on the shin.

"Why, I'll go!" Joe announced. "Which d'rection you want in' to travel? If it's land you're huntin', it's west an' north. If it's timber—"

"Say it is timber," from Mr. Fitzherbert.

"Southwest, then," said Joe quite expertly. "Round Tepee Mountain an' long the Cutbank an' Porcupine. Rivers, them are. I reckon I could get away f'r a couple weeks or so; couldn't I, Alec?"

Mr. Ross quailed involuntarily and said, aye, he thought Joe could, and the thing was done. An early start next morning was agreed upon. Joe adjourned himself; his head was so filled with thoughts of pack-covers, hobbles, night-bells, and





lash-ropes that he forgot all about the Bradley girl for the moment.

She found him later, however, putting his rigging together by lantern-light in the harness room of the stable.

"It's a pity you couldn't come over to the cabin," she upbraided him. "Anybody'd think you were in a hurry to get away. I suppose it's only because I'm going to stay here as Miss Colburn's company while you're gone!"

"You are? Whyn't you tell me 'fore I made this deal? I better go tell 'em—"

"No, you won't!" the girl declared. "You'll go right on getting ready. That is if your word is any good. You promised to, you know!"

Joe said, "Uh? Sure!" which indicated that he couldn't make out whether she still wanted him to go or not.

She made it clear that she did. "And remember this: you've

got to keep him from getting back here before the twenty-third. That's fifteen days counting tomorrow one. Clarice and her pa can't stay later than the twenty-second 'cause she told me he had to be in Edmonton on the first."

"Twenty-third?" Joe repeated. "Why he'd miss seein' 'em 'fore they went!"

"That's what I want!" she insisted. "I'm fixing to learn him what it means to be neglected and hurt. That is if you do your part!"

"Leave him to me! I'll keep him out till she's gone, if I hafta tie him to a tree!"

"No, don't hurt him or anything. You'll have to be real smart to do it, too."

Joe promised heartily that he would be smarter than a lead mule about it. "An' lissen," he added, "when I've done so an' she's all saved from throwin' herself away on him—You're



*Joe had been chasing the cattle briskly to make them "wild." Wild cattle required cow-puncherish handling which Joe expected to supply.*

goin' to be up here at your pap's place this summer, ain't you?"

"I guess so," she admitted. "Why?"

"Well, after this I'm a comin' up there to see you, reg'lar, an' if I ketch any dern homesteaders hangin' round your place—"

"Yes?" she inquired. "Well, maybe. It'll depend on how this comes out."

As a packer and "jungle-beast" Joe Hatch was really no more than a synthetic product with very little actual experience on which to rely. Still he had been fairly observant of such pack-trains as came before his notice and had learned perhaps more of the jargon than the oldest living member of the pack-

ing fraternity had ever found occasion to use. The diamond hitches he threw and tied gave fair promise of holding the pack in place for a half-day.

Thus it was not too disreputable a train that Joe assembled next morning. It was entirely orthodox in the item of Mr. Fitzherbert leading off mounted on the essential white mare with the packs tailed on behind her. Joe Hatch bestrode his personal brown horse and at the moment of leaving hung an intriguing wink on the Bradley girl by way of taking over the reins of destiny.

The succeeding incidents concern themselves of necessity with details of Joe's undertaking to promote a not unreasonable delay in Mr. Fitzherbert's schedule to the end of winning the favor and esteem of red-haired little Miss Bradley. His cause would have been considerably strengthened originally if that young woman had had more than [Continued on page 61]





## EDITORIALS

### SHRINE MEMBERSHIP CARDS SHOULD ALWAYS CARRY THE OWNER'S NAME IN HIS OWN HANDWRITING



SHRINE membership card is an important document. No Noble of the Mystic Shrine can ever be out of money, friends, or any of the comforts of life if in his pocket is his Shrine card. It is the open sesame to the heart and pocket book of every one of the six hundred thousand Nobles so widely flung over this North American continent.

A Shrine card is a social asset. It guarantees its possessor as a man of standing and consequence in the community from which he comes. Like the "sterling" mark on silver, it is a guarantee of quality and of gentility.

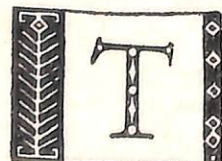
When a rascal starts out to deceive he must adopt outward evidence of inward virtue. When a forger wants to pass a bad check he must show some evidence which makes it seem that he is a person of consequence. No "bunco" artist would ask better than a Shrine card. Unfortunately they have been used for just such purposes.

With Shrine cards sent out by Recorders is a notice to sign the card across the end in the blank space. This should be done immediately on receipt of the card. It should be done now on your old card, if you have not already done it.

Card cases, pocket books and pass cases are frequently lost. Often they fall into the hands of unscrupulous people. The dishonest finder of an unsigned card can sign the owner's name in his own handwriting and deception is then simple. If the Noble had already signed the card the finder must rewrite the name as nearly like the writing of the owner as he can; this can be done only by skilled forgers, who are rare.

Not only is a signed card a protection to its owner but it is a protection to the Nobility wherever scattered. You owe it to your own good name, to the Temple to which you belong, and to the Nobility, immediately to sign that card!

### WILL YOU VOTE FOR THE MAN YOU WISH TO REPRESENT YOU AT THE IMPERIAL COUNCIL?



THE Shrine is a democracy. Every Temple in North America sends its representatives to the Imperial Council. The Imperial Council is not an aristocracy laying down laws and edicts which the humble Shriner must obey. No men have a right to levy taxes or to add to the expense of the Shrine, save as it is given them by the votes of their brother Nobles.

From your Temple are sent a certain number of Representatives. These are exactly what their title indicates. They represent you, the individual Noble. They carry with them your power of attorney, to tax you, to regulate your conduct by laws, to manage the organization.

In proportion to the care used by each Temple in selecting those in whom it vests this power of attorney, will be the

justice, the thought and the care with which these laws are passed. The Imperial Council is a fine law making body or a failure, according to the type of Nobles sent by the Temples.

In a little while there will be an election for representatives from your Temple, Noble. Will you leave this to the small group which is so active, or will you exercise your right of franchise to vote for men to whom you are proud to give power of attorney to act for you at the annual meeting of the Imperial Council?

An Imperial Council meeting is not a junket for good fellows who go just for the fun of the trip. A majority of representatives sit day after day in convention and see little or nothing of the fun and pageantry of the meeting, serious minded men with the best interest of the Shrine at heart.

### THE SHRINE BRINGS TOGETHER MEN IN ALL WALKS OF LIFE TEACHING THEM TO FRATERNIZE



WE LIVE in a world of ever changing standards. Those whose standards have been abandoned wail like banshees at what they sorrowfully think is a downward tendency. But, in spite of the lament of those who follow yesterday's standards, the tendency of civilization is ever upward.

The oldster has ever believed that the youngster is bound for perdition. The father who sorrowed that his son rode in a buggy behind a running horse with the reins flapping neglected on the dashboard, now feels his son is speeding for Sheol with his foot on the gas and only one hand on the steering wheel.

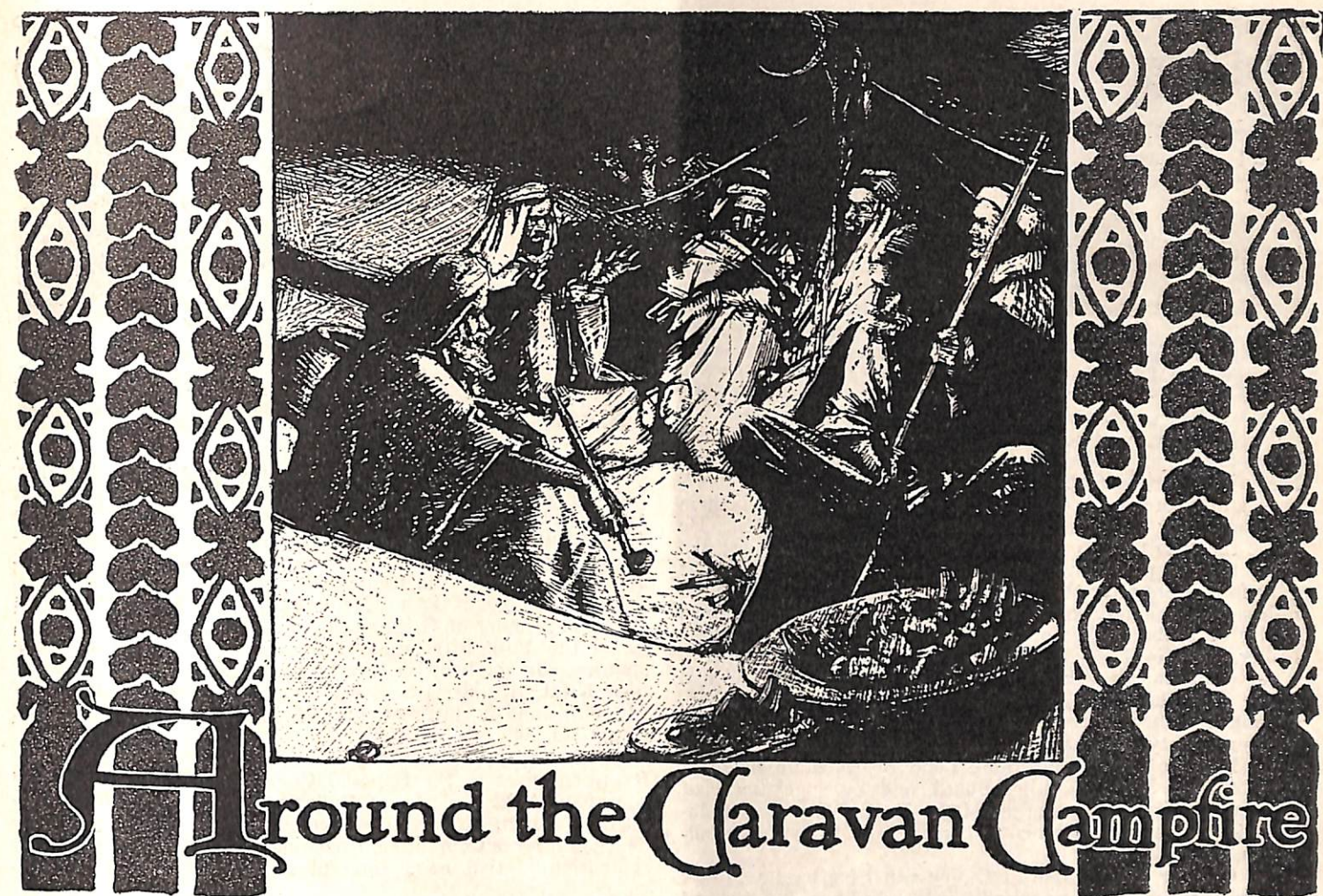
Cries of "Babbitt" from the self-styled Intellectuals to the contrary, there is a religion of usefulness. No longer is Business looked down upon by the Arts. Since business has become an art, and Art a business, the two share equal high levels of equality.

Men who turn forests into print paper, who till the earth till it blossoms forth a harvest, who span rivers with bridges of steel, build railroads and steamships, invent labor saving machines, make electricity bring ice, music and pictures into the life of people, who invent the great presses which bring the poetry, fiction and art into our homes, whose wealth fills the world with hospitals, art museums, theaters and lecture halls, are coming into their own.

Shrine, Civic Clubs and similar organizations have brought together the men who know and love both Art and Business, making each more appreciative of the other.

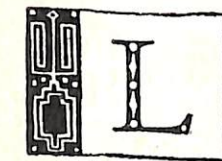
The man of Business, educated by his contact with Art, has appreciation raised to the point of seeing that the man of Art gets his share of business. The man of Art gets the viewpoint of Business and adopts some of its methods.

Let crabbed critics carp and high brows wrinkle, while poet's rhymes and artist's pictures go into the advertising of business men, that their combined efforts pile up dollars to be spent in hospitals and such. The world is quite all right, thank you, to every one who marches in step with it.



## Around the Caravan Campfire

By Roe Fulkerson



LET'S take a text, as if we were in church. "And the other basket had very naughty figs." That's a part of the second verse of the twenty-fourth chapter of Jeremiah. The law killed a man in my town. They placed him in an electric chair and sent his wicked soul back to Allah who gave it. I read all about his life in the morning's paper. Like Jeremiah I sat looking into the basket of very naughty figs which can not be eaten.

I wondered how a man could rob and forge, and finally murder a man who interfered with his stealing. I reared me back on my spiritual hunkers and thanked Allah that I was superior to that sort of thing and that this man had received his just punishment.

I looked into this basket of naughty figs and turned away very much pleased with myself, thank you. Then I thought of Aunt Saphronia Little in my old home town. Aunt Saphronia was the self-appointed guardian of the morals of all the young people. I realized that maybe I was strutting an Aunt Saphronia of my own.

We did not have flappers in those days, when skirts dragged the ground. We did not do the Charleston or indulge in mixed bathing. Girls did not smoke cigarettes or ride horses clothes-pin fashion. If a girl danced a "round dance" Aunt Saphronia condemned her as a brazen hussy. If she put a bit of powder on her nose she was sinful. If she dabbed a bit of rouge on her cheeks she was a hellbent girl who must not even be spoken to.

But—the interesting part always follows the conjunction—Aunt Saphronia would never have dreamed of acting as such girls acted, and why? Aunt Saphronia had a face which nobody but a mother could love, Aunt Saphronia grew warts on herself with long bristles in them! No strange young man had ever hired a horse and buggy and kept Aunt Saphronia

out until a couple o'clock in the morning! No, indeed!

Aunt Saphronia had never been tempted. She had not the least idea how hard it is to resist doing something delightfully sinful! Her face was vice and temptation proof. She did not deserve credit for her very conventional and righteous conduct.

In my later years I suspected the highly moral Aunt Saphronia of mistaking envy for virtue. Sometimes I suspect myself of the same sin. I suppose I have yielded to as many temptations as the average fellow. But it just so happens that I am temptation proof in the things this boy they electrocuted was not.

I am a peaceful sort of a cuss, avoiding quarrels and rows. Perhaps this is just cowardice. What do I know of the mad rage, the red lust for blood atonement which seems to drive some men absolutely wild? What do I know of the mad passions which rip and tear in the heart and soul of a man who is primeval in his instincts? I have never thought of killing anybody! Do I deserve any credit for refraining from something I do not want to do?

I never wanted to rob anybody. I have never burgled in my life. Maybe this is because I have a cautious streak in me. When I think of pointing guns at people my knees knock each other like Al Smith and Hefin! I would be afraid to go in some other fellow's house late at night for fear he would beat me up!

Do I deserve any credit because I am not a thief? Really, there is no excuse for me being snooty with thieves. I have never been hungry, I have never had a starving or cold family at home, I have never been out of a job.

Old timer, I stopped looking disgustedly at the basket of naughty figs and decided that my boasted morality was largely bunk and hooie! I have always done just what this poor chap they electrocuted did; followed my natural bent and inclination. I am more carbon copied, [Continued on page 43]





NOBLE ALBERT B. MCGAFFEY  
*El Jebel Temple  
Denver, Colo.*

Noble Albert Bertrand McGaffey, senior Past Imperial Potentate of the Mystic Shrine, became head of the Order on June 9th, 1897 after only ten years as a Shriner and but four years in the Imperial Divan. He was one of the principal organizers and the first Potentate of El Jebel. He has represented that Temple in the Imperial Council from that day to

this, not having missed a single annual session in 41 years. He is Grand Old Man of Shrinedom and "Uncle Albert" to thousands of Nobles. "Where McGregor sits, there is the head of the table" whenever this Nestor of the Shrine appears.

Uncle Albert was born on October 22nd, 1851, in Warsaw, Wyoming County, New York, the son of Albert Andrews and Mary Bertrand McGaffey. He was educated in Addison Academy and Professor Wood's Latin and Greek School, both in Addison, New York, and the Fulley Seminary in Fulton. He made the long trek to the West in his 18th year, reaching the river trading post now known as the metropolis of Kansas City four years after the close of the Civil War. There he did railroad civil engineering work. In 1880 he married Miss Anna Miller of Moberly, Missouri, and they have one son, Kenneth Miller, born in 1884, the year the family moved to Denver.

As a Masonic leader, and in private life a mining and real estate man, he soon became prominent in Colorado affairs, serving at different times as County Clerk and Recorder of Denver County, Secretary of State of Colorado, member of the State Board of Education, State Land Board, State Board of Equalization, State Auditing Board, and by appointment of President Taft, Superintendent of the Federal Census of Colorado in 1910. He and his wife moved to Hollywood, California, in 1917.

On October 18th Noble McGaffey will have been a Master Mason 53 years. He was raised in Moberly Lodge No. 344 and was Worshipful Master within three years; received the Royal Arch degrees on May 14, 1877; the Order of the Temple in Tancred Commandery No. 25 on September 3rd, 1877, and was Eminent Commander in 1881; the degrees of the Council were conferred upon him in Springfield, Illinois, in September, 1883; upon moving to Denver he demitted to the several bodies there.

He was elected Commander of the Colorado Commandery No. 1 in 1888, and became Grand Commander, Knights Templar of Colorado, in 1893, and was elected Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Colorado in 1910. He received the Scottish Rite degrees in Denver in 1888, was created a K.C.C.H. in 1897, and was coroneted a 33° Mason in October, 1899. In addition to his many elective Shrine honors he has been a member of that most important unit, the Committee on Jurisprudence and Laws, for more than 25 years.



NOBLE THAD B. LANDON  
*Ararat Temple  
Kansas City, Mo.*

Past Potentate Thad B. Landon, for six years a Missouri Circuit Judge, is now Chairman of the Jurisprudence and Laws Committee of the Imperial Council of the Mystic Shrine. This honor came after many years of faithful work for Shrinedom, not to mention what he has done within the several Masonic bodies.

Judge Landon was born in Effingham, Kansas, on August 18th, 1876. In his youth and young manhood he was a farmer and school teacher. He studied law, and in 1890 opened an office in Washington, Kansas, moving to Kansas City, Missouri, in 1903.

On December 24th, 1902 he married Miss Blanche A. Metz, and three sons and one daughter have blessed their union.



From 1911 to 1913 he was Assistant United States Attorney for the Western Missouri district. He was elected Circuit Judge of the 16th judicial district of Missouri, serving from 1921 to 1927. Since January 1st, 1927, he has been vice-president and trust officer of the New England National Bank and Trust Company, in Kansas City.

Noble Landon is Past Master of Temple Lodge No. 299; Past Commander of Oriental Commandery No. 35; a member of all the York Rite bodies and of the Red Cross of Constantine. In the Scottish Rite he has been accorded the honor of a K.C.C.H. He is Senior Warden of the Grand Lodge of Missouri, and a member of the Royal Order of Jesters, Court No. 54.

In the Shrine Noble Landon has been one of Ararat's Representatives to the Imperial Council since 1922. He was chairman of the Revision of By-laws Committee from 1922 to 1926. In 1926 he was appointed a member of the Jurisprudence and Laws Committee, becoming chairman this year. His reputation is that of a forceful speaker and clear thinker.



NOBLE T. W. MCCULLOUGH  
*Tangier Temple  
Omaha, Neb.*

Past Potentate Theodore Wilson McCullough of Tangier has been in the newspaper business since the age of 12 and since 1917 associate editor of the Omaha Bee, on which newspaper he has held various editorial posts for 35 years. He was connected at other times with the Omaha Herald, Omaha World-Herald, Denver Times. At the age of 17 he

took a job as a locomotive fireman on the C. B. & Q. out of Burlington, but two years later went back to the smell of printer's ink.

He was born in Kirkville, Iowa, on September 26, 1861, the son of Samuel Clinton and Annie Wilson McCullough. He married Alice May Shaw of Galesburg, Illinois, on his 27th birthday, and they have had three children.

Masonically, Noble McCullough first saw the Light many years ago, and has enjoyed these honors: Master of Capital Lodge No. 3 of Omaha; Commander, St. Andrews Preceptory, Knights Kadosh of the Scottish Rite of the Southern Jurisdiction; a 33° Mason; a director of the Scottish Rite Welfare Association, which handles a students revolving loan fund of \$75,000.

He has been prominent in other work of a similar nature, being Secretary of the Nebraska Educational League, a Scottish Rite organization; vice-president, Omaha Masonic Benefit Club; was chairman of the Tangier Temple Committee that brought about the foundation of the Masonic Home for Boys in Omaha (now possessed of property worth \$100,000); was member of the Scottish Rite committee that established the \$100,000 home for working girls in Omaha, operated by the Y. W. C. A.

He is a Companion in Omaha Chapter No. 1, R.A.M.



NOBLE CHAS. A. CONOVER  
*Moslem Temple  
Detroit, Mich.*

Noble Charles Arthur Conover, 33°, lives in Coldwater, Michigan, where he is General Grand Secretary of the General Grand Chapter, Royal Arch Masons of the United States, organized October 27, 1797. In addition, he is Grand Secretary of the Grand Chapter and Grand Recorder of the Grand Council of Michigan, and a member of the

Grand Council, Order of DeMolay. He succeeded his father in some of these important positions, having held the above mentioned Chapter and Council positions for 25 years. He organized the present system of membership register and history authorized by the Grand Chapter.

He has served two terms as alderman and two as mayor.

Noble Conover was initiated as an Entered Apprentice just six days after becoming eligible, passed in August and raised on October 11th, 1886. At the age of 24 he became Worshipful Master, the youngest in Michigan at that time. He has held high office in the York Rite bodies of Michigan. In 1887 he entered the Order of the Eastern Star in Coldwater Chapter No. 1, the oldest continuously working chapter in the world. He was Worthy Patron three years. In his one year as Grand Patron of Michigan 33 new chapters were instituted. He received the Scottish Rite degrees in 1904 and was crowned an honorary 33° three years later. He is also a Knight Companion in the Red Cross of Constantine. He is now writing a history of the Royal Arch. He has written several pamphlets on King Solomon's Temple and other Masonic subjects.



NOBLE WARREN S. SEIPP  
*Boumi Temple  
Baltimore, Md.*

The subject of this sketch is Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Maryland, following a long and distinguished career in Masonry and replete with a record of hard and successful work in many bodies, particularly in the Grand Lodge, Scottish Rite and the various divisions of the Commandery. Among the many posts he has held are these:

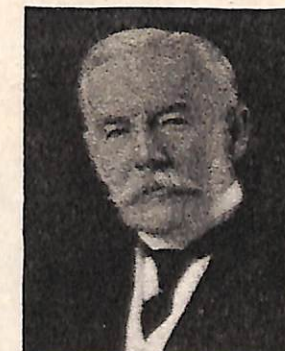
Grand High Priest and Grand Lecturer of the Grand Chapter, Royal Arch Masons; Grand Master, Grand Lecturer, of the Grand Council of Royal and Select Masters; General Grand Deputy Master, 1928, Royal and Select Masters of the United States; Grand Commander and Inspector General, Knights Templar of Maryland; Grand Stewart, Royal Order of Scotland; Sovereign, St. Cyprian Conclave, Red Cross of Constantine; Grand Representative of the Grand Lodge of Ire-

land, the Grand Chapter of Maine, Grand Council of England and Wales, Grand Commandery of Pennsylvania.

In the Scottish Rite he has gone through and attained all the higher degrees and is now a 33° Mason.

He is President of the Past Masters Association of Baltimore, and President ex-officio of the Masonic Home.

NOBLE SAM P. COCHRAN  
*Hella Temple  
Dallas, Texas*



Noble Sam Poyntz Cochran is famous throughout the Order as President of the Board of Trustees of the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children. This work has carried him all over the United States, Canada and Mexico, and it may be said with truth that he is more wrapped up in it than in his own business. He has been so engaged since the inception of the organization committee in 1920. He is permanent Representative of Hella to the Imperial Council.

"Brother Sam" was born in Lexington, Kentucky on September 11th, 1855, the son of Colonel John Carr Cochran and Sammella T. Dewees Cochran. Six of his ancestors served in the Revolutionary Army, a great grandfather was wounded in the War of 1812 and made a cripple for life, and his father commanded a Kentucky regiment of infantry on the Union side in the Civil War. On July 3rd, 1883, Sam married Miss Sue Webb Wiggins.

Noble Cochran became a Mason in 1880, in Golden Gate Lodge No. 345, Covington, Kentucky. Later he demitted to Dallas Lodge No. 760 and became Master thereof. Other Masonic honors have been: Grand Master of Texas; Grand High Priest, Royal Arch Chapter of Texas; Grand Master of the Grand Council, Royal and Select Masters; Grand Commander, Texas Grand Commandery, Knights Templar; Grand Sovereign, Grand Imperial Council, Red Cross of Constantine of the United States; active member of the Supreme Council, Scottish Rite, Southern Jurisdiction and a 33°, being Sovereign Grand Inspector General since 1911.

NOBLE FREDERICK I. DANA  
*Palestine Temple  
Providence, R. I.*



Noble Dana has had the distinction of serving as Grand Commander of the Grand Commanderies, Knights Templar, of two states instead of the usual one—Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

He is Past Potentate of Palestine Temple, his year being 1909; permanent member, Imperial Council, since 1920; member of the Committee on Jurisprudence and Laws of the Imperial Council for eight years, including 1928.

For forty years he has been a textile and mechanical engineer. He has also been prominent in civic affairs, being member of the Providence School Board for the past seven years, and for eight years he served on the State Board of Charities and Correction.

Noble Dana's Masonic record is as follows:

Made a Master Mason, Rising Sun Lodge, May 24th, 1895, elected Master in 1905; Royal Arch Mason, Providence Chapter No. 1, 1898; Providence Council, Royal and Select Masters, 1898; knighted, Calvary Commandery No. 13, Knights Templar, 1899, serving as Commander, 1906-07; Grand Commander, Massachusetts and Rhode Island, 1915-16; Inspector Instructor, Grand Commandery and chairman of the Committee on Jurisprudence and By-laws, Grand Commandery, 1917 to date; received the Scottish Rite degrees, Northern Jurisdiction, in 1903; Sovereign Prince, 1905-10; Commander-in-Chief, 1910-13; honorary 33° on September 20th, 1910.



# WITHIN THE SHRINE

## With the Imperial Potentate



(Above) Imperial Potentate Jones at the War Memorial Children's Hospital in London, Ontario.

IF HE had crossed the Rio Grande from his own State on a few minutes jaunt, Imperial Potentate Frank C. Jones would have made a visitation to the three great political divisions of North America, the domain of Shrinedom, in the course of his late July and all-August itinerary, inasmuch as he crossed Canada all the way from Ontario to British Columbia and back tracked in the United States from the State of Washington to his home town of Houston.

This was the Imperial's second official trip, in the course of which he struck hands with the Divans and Nobility of sixteen Temples and one Shrine Club. He was accompanied throughout by Mrs. Jones and their son, Frank C. Jr.

While all the contacts were interesting, perhaps the most unique was the ceremony in Saskatoon, Regina, Canada, by virtue of which he again became an Indian Chief. It will be remembered that on the Imperial's first swing around the circle the Crow Indians, on the site of the Custer massacre, made him a tribesman with the title of Chief High Eagle.

Now, by virtue of the authority reposing in the position of Chief Counsellor Herbert Buffalo, the Imperial Potentate also is Big Chief Wa-Wa Saskatoon of the Sioux Indian Tribe of Canada, and is possessed of a feathered bonnet and a beaded blanket as official symbols of his new rank and perquisites.

The Imperial Potentate and his wife and son went first from Houston to London, Ontario, arriving there on July 21st. They were welcomed by Potentate Charles Farquharson, of Stratford, Ontario, Potentate of Mocha Temple. Other officials were in the welcoming party.

In the course of a sight-seeing trip around the city the party went to the Children's War Memorial Hospital, where the Imperial told the little patients stories, sang songs and had them calling him "Frank" before he left.

The Imperial outlined the wide scope of Shrine activities and the \$9,000,000 invested in children's hospitals at a banquet at the Hotel London.

He was presented with a painting of the Orkney Islands by W. St. Thomas Smith.

While this was going on Mrs. Jones was honored guest of Mrs. Farquharson and Mrs. W. H. Abbott, wife of Mocha's Recorder, at the Abbott home.

In the evening the party left for Toronto.

Accompanied by his family and Noble James R. Watt, Secretary of the Shrine Hospital Board, the Imperial was welcomed in Toronto. Past Potentate U. E. Gillen and others were able to do credit to Rameses Temple despite the short advance notice of

only a few hours. They met the party, which included the escort from London, and gave them a drive around the city, and then to the Granite Club for dinner. In his address at the dinner the Imperial offered cordial greetings from the Shriners south of the boundary. While in the city he visited Noble Frank B. Goodman, a Rameses Representative to the Imperial Council, who was ill.

On July 25th the Joneses reached Regina, to be guests of Wa-Wa Temple for a few hours. A large group of Nobles and their ladies made up the greeting party. After a ride around everybody went to the Temple for a reception, giving several hundred Nobles an opportunity to meet the distinguished visitor. In behalf of the local brethren, Potentate R. J. Brandon gave the Imperial a very large and handsome buffalo robe. Past Potentate and Recorder Fred W. Logan handed Mrs. Jones a veritable bower of roses, while Noble E. C. Rossie gave their son a hand colored photograph of an Indian chief. All three made suitable responses.

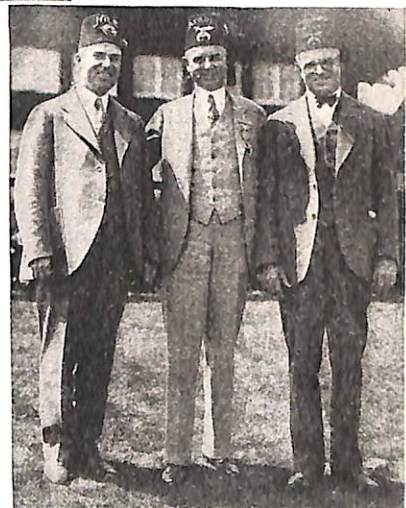
At 11:55 P.M. they left for Saskatoon, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Brandon. Mr. and Mrs. Logan and Noble E. Crawford, a division superintendent of the Canadian National Railways, over which line they traveled. Upon arrival in Saskatoon a large number of local Nobles met them at the station with their cars, and an enjoyable ride followed to Forestry Farm, the university buildings, and around the city.

Luncheon prepared by the Ladies Auxiliary at the Saskatoon Shrine Club ironed out all abdominal creases. A set of sterling silver souvenir spoons was given to Mrs.



(The Imperial Potentate after being made an Indian chief by the Sioux Indians at Saskatoon, Canada.

(Right) Potentate William A. Eastman and Hugh M. Caldwell, Imperial Captain of the Guard, welcoming the Imperial visitor to Nile Temple, Seattle, Washington.



Jones, an Indian bead bridle to Frank, Jr. The Imperial spoke and later received and chatted with the Nobles.

The party then went to the Industrial Exposition, occupying the box of the directors. Sioux Indians of Canada, headed by Chief Counsellor Herbert Buffalo, with great gravity and aplomb, made Imperial Potentate Jones a tribal noble, with the title of Big Chief Wa-Wa Saskatoon. Then they gave him a feathered bonnet and a beaded blanket as symbols of his high authority. The new chief made a fitting response which pleased the Indians very much.

Inasmuch as Wa-Wa means "wild goose" and the word Saskatoon also applies to a berry, the Imperial said [Continued on page 50]

# ACTIVITIES of the

## Temples, Units and Clubs

### CAAD, DULUTH, MINNESOTA

An all-day outing diverted the Band and Patrol on a certain nice day in August. The scene was Lake Nichols, near Cotton.

### CAAHMES, OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

"Twenty Minutes in Paris" was a side-splitting comedy revealed to the Nobility at the regular stated session on August 15th, presented by Noble William St. Sure and his high powered committee.

On September 1, 2, 3, Ahmes gave an outing at Clear Lake, in Lake County. There were dancing, boating, swimming, fishing and a golf tournament.

### CABOU BEN ADHEM, SPRINGFIELD, MO.

The Temple's Shrine Carnival, which held forth several nights, drew thousands of spectators. Children were free guests. One night 125 newsboys were entertained by the boys of the Springfield DeMolay. There also was a special matinee for inmates of the Children's Home.

### CACCA, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

There was a watermelon feast on the roof-garden of the new Mosque on the night of August 23rd, through the courtesy of Past Potentate Clinton L. Williams. Past Potentate E. D. Hotchkiss recited his favorite, "Dat Watermelon Smilin' on de Vine." It is planned to entertain informally in some such manner on the fourth Thursday of each month.

The Sphinx Club now meets on the last Thursday of each month, beginning at 6 P. M., and the diners number from 100 to 300 regardless of the weather.

### CALEE, SAVANNAH, GA.

Alee's first venture in the realm of tour-

The Imperial Potentate is planning an unusual diversion in January and February, having consented to head the Shrine cruise to the West Indies which is advertised in The Shrine Magazine.

The party will sail from New York on January 23, 1929. They will visit the Shrine Club in Havana, and Abou Saad Temple in the Panama Canal Zone, in both of which places the Nobility will extend warm greetings to the Imperial party.

A tour of 19 days is scheduled, visiting Havana, Matanzas, Santiago, Port Antonio, Kingston in Jamaica, Colon of the Panama Canal Zone, Port-au-Prince, capital of Hayti, and the British port of Nassau.

To avoid crowding reservations will be made for only 480 persons.

name golf was so successful that it has been decided to make the affair an annual one, announces Noble C. F. Holton. The winner was Noble Frank S. Baggett of Savannah. This was a remarkable victory for him, in view of the fact that he has been playing golf steadily for only one year, and even so his time for playing has been limited by his activities in the office of the president of the Central of Georgia Railway.

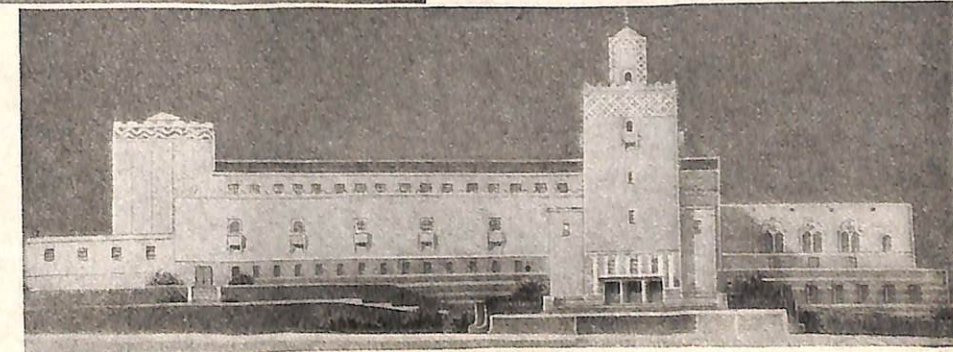
Next year the tournament will be open to all Alee members, regardless of residence in Savannah. It will be on the customary handicap basis.

Through the generosity of the temple, Potentate Blount has selected a magnificent silver vase two feet high as the tournament trophy. It will be played for annually, with the winner's name inscribed thereon, the vase remaining in his possession until the next tournament time. In addition, beautiful cups will be given to each winner.



(Above) Members of Damascus Temple's Legion of Honor (Rochester, N. Y.) as they appeared at the corner stone laying of the Masonic Temple recently.

Zembo Temple's Mosque at Harrisburg, Penna., as it will look when completed. Its most distinguishing feature is its beautiful simplicity of line.



### CALEPPO, BOSTON, MASS.

About 30,000 Knights of Columbus members and their families lustily applauded Aleppo's famous Band, at a huge Knights of Columbus barbecue near Lynn on August 11th. More than 100 Aleppo musicians, nearly one-half of the band's personnel, gave the program.

The barbecue and band concert were to raise funds for the addition of a gymnasium to the Knights home in Lynn, which project was praised by Noble Louis Harlow, leader of the Aleppo Band. Valladolid Council No. 70, Knights of Columbus, sponsored the affair.

A last check-up shows that the number of Novices obligated just before the annual Aleppo picnic at Shore Gardens, Nantasket, was 180, quite a large class for Summer. The sports program was under the direction of Ben Osthus and Chief Rabban Samuel Haskell. The finale was a ball game between the uniformed team led by Noble Chapman and the Nobility at large captained by Noble Jacobs. The former won by 6 to 1.

### CALI GHAN, CUMBERLAND, MD.

Under the general direction of Potentate G. Guy Shoemaker and Chairman Frank E. Smith, the picnic committee treated 1,000 members and family guests to a big picnic at the grounds of the Cumberland Fair Association. The Nobility flocked there on August 22nd.

Ali Ghan's Band gave a concert and a barbecue followed. Tournaments came next, including baseball between eighteen gladiators representing Cumberland and Hagerstown Shriners. Other contests included horse and foot races, pony races, games, swimming and chasing the greased pig.

### CAL KADER, PORTLAND, ORE.

Al Kader has pushed its beneficiaries' payment to \$1,000, upon the death of a member in good standing. Its widows and orphans fund is now six years old, and the average cost per member is only \$16 a year. In spite of the prompt payments, the fund has accumulated a surplus of \$85,000.

### CAL MALAIKAH, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Al Malaiakah now has the largest moving picture theater in the world, owing to the transformation of its temple auditorium into a movie palace. The seating capacity is 6,457, which is more than 200 greater than Roxy's in New York City. The grand opening was on August 10th. The new \$50,000 Mohler pipe organ was used for the first time. There is a model nursery room

[Shrine News Continued on page 38]



SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 37]

where competent matrons take care of children while their mothers attend the show.

The August 2nd carnival night was so popular that it has been decided to give one every Saturday night hereafter.

ALMAS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

On September 8th thousands of Almas outdoor lovers enjoyed an outing barbecue at Fort Washington, Maryland.

The 12th United States Infantry participated in the fun. A soldier team showed the Nobles how to play baseball, and in turn the Almas Arab Patrol put on a fancy drill not to be found in Army drill regulations.

ANAH, BANGOR, MAINE

Special Pullman cars took several hundred of the local Nobility to Houlton on August 29th, where a big "down East" Ceremonial was held. Potentate Carl C. Hayes reports perfect cooperation from his rajahs throughout Anah's jurisdiction.

BENI KEDEM, CHARLESTON, W. VA.

Beni Kedem has taken definite steps regarding crippled children in its area. A survey directed by Potentate John C. Dice is now being made, seeking all children who need correction and come within the regulations. Potentate Dice has repeated his first suggestion to the Nobility that Beni Kedem build its own new mosque. He says in "Sons of the Desert," temple official organ:

"I believe an attractive, comfortable home would do more than any other one thing toward building up the proper spirit and personnel of our organization. Other temples no larger than Beni Kedem, and lacking some of the advantages we enjoy, have gone into this sort of enterprise, and I have never heard of a single one that did not immediately begin to reap rich returns in a finer friendship and fellowship among its membership and in the outbursting of fresh enthusiasm for all the high purposes for which they were banded together. I feel that we are losing valuable time if we continue to delay the serious planning for a home."

BEDOUI, MUSKOGEE, OKLA.

Bedouin Temple's uniformed bodies enjoyed a recent trip to Tahlequah. They gave a delightful musical entertainment and staged a stirring drill.

On still another occasion of late date the Temple Band and Chanters went up to Honor Heights in Muskogee and played for the benefit of 1,200 disabled World War veterans at Veteran Hospital No. 90.

CRESCENT, TRENTON, N. J.

The annual outing of the uniformed bodies was held on August 16th at the Trenton Fair Grounds, a red letter day for all who participated in the festivities.

Owing to the Temple's ambitious mosque

The well known Rogers boys of Moslem, Detroit, are prominent without being humorists or having one of their number named Will. Left to right—Nobles Russell H., M. E., Donald, Charles A., and their father, Charles E. Rogers.



building program, the annual Crescent September session and reception at Atlantic City was omitted this year.

DAMASCUS, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Sea Breeze Park belonged to Damascus August 5th to 11th, staging one of the biggest carnivals Rochester ever saw. Under the general direction of Dr. Wiley H. Wilson, Acting Potentate, Edward G. Stallman, general chairman and carnival director, led hard working committees which brought joy to 50,000 visitors to the many attractions.

Shriners came from Buffalo, Geneva, Hornell, Canandaigua, Albion, Batavia, Fairport and Auburn.

EGYPT, TAMPA, FLA.

Ringling Circus will show in Tampa the week beginning October 22nd, under special contract to Egypt, the net proceeds to be used to send a big delegation to Los Angeles next June. Noble John Ringling is a member of Mecca.

JEBEL, DENVER, COLO.

On September 3rd the Temple held a territorial Ceremonial at Fort Morgan, inducting fifty candidates. The trip from Denver was made in a special train, stopping at cities that have Shrine Clubs, including Boulder, Longmont, Loveland, Fort Collins, Greenley and Sterling.

KALAH, SALT LAKE CITY

El Kalah plans a series of social events for the Autumn and early Winter. Potentate James S. Hibbert met with his entertainment committee late in August, and they decided to give a dinner dance on September



The Big Boy of Syria, Pittsburgh, Robt. B. Keenan, is 7 ft. 1 in. tall and weighs 386 pounds. His friends are H. F. Ochenshirt and H. F. Burz.

ber 22nd. This will be followed by dances on October 20th, November 17th and December 15th.

EL MAIDA, EL PASO, TEXAS

On August 4th El Maida and the local Elks held their annual sports festival for the benefit of the El Paso Times milk fund. Arrangements were under the direction of Harry W. Connolly. Oscar J. Allen, "the grand old man of El Paso baseball," was chairman of the general sports committee.

EL MINA, GALVESTON, TEXAS

More than 100 members went to Freeport on August 7th to patronize the carnival of the Freeport Shrine Club, which enjoyed an attendance of 1500. Potentate E. H. Thornton and Past Potentate George H. Calvert led the group. The Temple Band gave the Freeporters a street concert.

The Band serenaded Major J. H. Jouett, U. S. A., new commander of the Third Attack Air Group at Fort Crockett, on August 16th. The program was arranged by Director W. H. Schneider.

The Fall Ceremonial will be held on October 20th.

GIZEH, VICTORIA, B. C.

Headed by their noted kiltie band of Scottish bagpipes, Victoria and British Columbia Shriners made a mid-Summer trip to Seattle, to smile with Nile at its club on Lake Ballinger near Seattle. The visit was a notable feature of a picnic which was enjoyed by delegations from the nine Pacific Northwest Temples.

HADI, EVANSVILLE, IND.

Hadi Band now broadcasts once a month over a big hook-up. Many letters of appreciation have been received from radio fans. The Booster Club meets every Friday for luncheon.

There was a big party at Pleasure Park on the evening of August 17th, with Noble Spence Maidlow as chairman. Noble Leslie Humphrey donated the use of the park. Nearly 11,000 children were the special guests of the Temple.

HELLA, DALLAS, TEXAS

A large audience in Commerce heard the Temple Band and Quartette and other entertainers in a concert at the East Texas State Teachers College. Director Louis Harris was in charge of the Band. Potentate J. Thomas Owens and Major William R. Ellis, commander of the uniformed bodies, spoke.

In September the Hella entertainers also performed in Denton.

INDIA, OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

India's eleventh annual picnic was held at Belle Isle Park on August 24th. The Masonic Home family came down from Guthrie, 40 miles away, as guests of the Temple. Potentate March had made no mistake in the refreshment committee personnel, as the carload of iced watermelons proved. Noble Earl C. Stentz was chairman. Ceremonial Director Charles L. Evans was in charge of the stunts and contests. The affair closed with a band concert and dance in the pavilion.

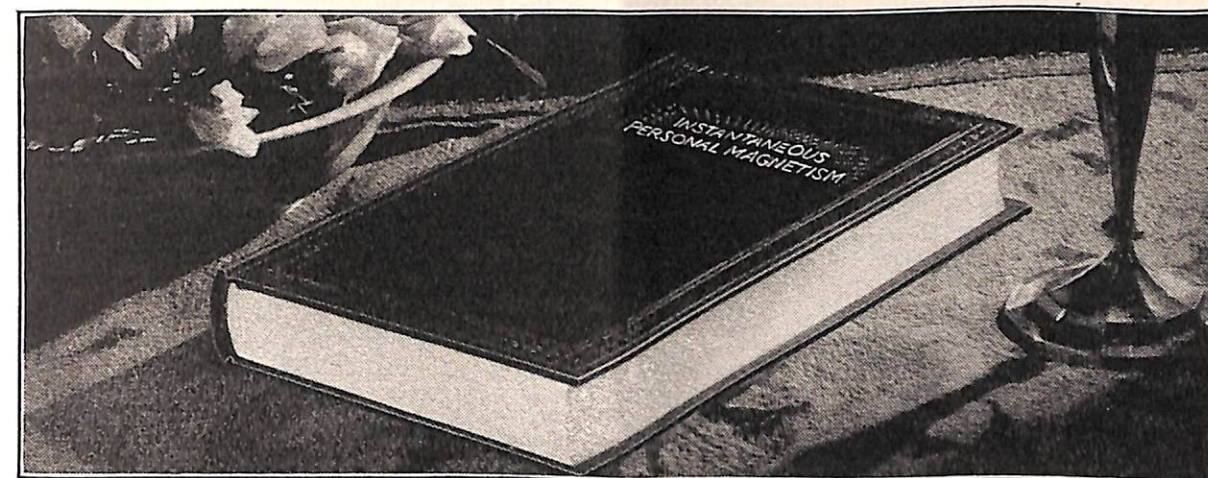
IREM, WILKES-BARRE, PA.

Under the direction of Potentate Rust and General Chairman F. J. Weckesser the Temple's drive by 320 workers for \$650,000 is proceeding apace. Shelby D. Dimmick, and Percy A. Brown of Scranton, are vice

[Shrine News Continued on page 40]

# This Singular Book Wiields a Strange Power Over Its Readers

Giving them a MAGNETIC PERSONALITY almost instantly!



## Will You Read It 5 Days FREE—to Prove It Can Multiply Your Present Income?

A STRANGE book! A book that seems to cast a spell over every person who turns its pages!

A copy of this book was left lying on a hotel table for a few weeks. Nearly 400 people saw the book—read a few pages—and then sent for a copy!

In another case a physician placed a copy on the table in his waiting-room. More than 200 of his patients saw the book—read part of it—and then ordered copies for themselves!

Why are men and women so profoundly affected by this book—so anxious to get a copy? The answer is simple. The book reveals to them for the first time how any man or woman—old or young—can develop a Magnetic Personality instantly! It explains how to gain overnight the personal charm that attracts countless friends—the self-confidence that insures quick success in any business or profession.

It tells how to draw people to you at once, irresistibly—how to be popular everywhere, in any society—how to overcome almost at once any timidity or self-consciousness you may have—how to be a magnet of human attraction, popular and well-liked wherever you go!

It not only tells exactly how to accomplish these things—it tells you how to accomplish them without delay—*instantaneously!*

### Whence Comes This Uncanny Volume?

Forty years ago, Edmund Shaftesbury, famous student of the human mind, set out to discover the secret of that rare quality—Magnetic Per-

sonality. He first applied his discoveries in his own circle of friends. Results were astonishing! His methods seemed to have the power of almost instantly transforming people into *entirely new beings!*

Quietly, almost secretly, Shaftesbury's fame spread. Great men came to him. His students and friends embraced such names as Gladstone, Queen Victoria, Edwin Booth, Henry Ward Beecher, Cardinal Gibbons, and others of equal fame.

Until recently, Shaftesbury's teachings have been available only to people who could pay \$25 or \$50 each for instruction books. But now, through the efforts of a group of his students his wonderful teachings have been collected into a single volume, at a price *within the reach of all!* And furthermore Shaftesbury has consented to reveal hundreds of new discoveries never before put into print.

### Strange Effect on Readers

Readers of this book quickly become masters of a singular power to attract others—to influence men and women around them. Not by force—not by loud argument. But rather by some subtle, insinuating power that sways men's minds and emotions. They are able to play on people's feelings just as a skilled violinist plays upon a violin.

Folks are never the same after reading this book. Their manner changes. The tone of their voice, the expression in their eyes—yes, even their actual features seem to change—seem to grow more cultured, more refined.

The eyes—windows of the soul—become clear, beautiful, expressive, luminous as a crystal sphere. The voice grows rich, resonant—mellow as a golden bell. Folks listen spell-bound—charmed by the fine

modulations—the cultured fluency of the tones.

### What Others Say

What priceless benefits! So profound! So far-reaching! Is it any wonder that thousands of men and women say that they are overjoyed with the results they have received? One enthusiast said of this volume, "Things I have read there I would never have dreamed of." Another wrote, "Certainly wonderful; like walking up a stairway to a higher life." Another wrote, "I would not give up what Shaftesbury has taught me for \$100,000!"

In your everyday life—in social life—and especially in business, you will find what these people say to be true. You will find this book of immense value. You will quickly learn to fascinate people you meet—to attract new friends—to gain the speedy promotion and big pay which always come to men and women who have developed that most wonderful of all qualities—a MAGNETIC PERSONALITY!

### Read This Book 5 Days Free

You must see this book for yourself—examine it—let it influence indelibly your own personality. Merely mail coupon below and this remarkable volume, with cover in handsome dark burgundy cloth, gold embossed, will be sent you by return mail for 5 days' free examination. If you aren't stirred and inspired in the 5-day free period, return it and it costs you nothing. Otherwise keep it as your own and remit Special Price of only \$3 in full payment. This volume was originally published to sell at \$5—but in order to reach as many readers as possible—it is being offered at this special reduced price. This offer may never appear again, so you are urged to act at once before it is withdrawn. Remember—you do not pay unless you decide to keep the book. You risk nothing—so clip and mail this coupon NOW. Ralston University Press, Dept. 180-S, Meriden, Conn.

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All right—I'll be the judge. You may send me the volume "Instantaneous Personal Magnetism" for 5 days' FREE Examination in my home. Within the 5 days I will either remit the special low price of only \$3.00 in full payment, or return it without cost or obligation.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....





## SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 38]

chairmen, and team managers in various towns include George N. Low, Dr. Cameron Shulz, William E. Elmes, W. B. Gillette, C. Elmer Dietrick, W. S. Tiffany, George Birdsall, Ellsworth W. Miller. According to Judge E. Foster Heller, the Nobility throughout all of Northeastern Pennsylvania is responding to the call.

Irem was chartered on October 15th, 1895, with 54 members, and now has 7400. It had 2000 when the present Mosque was dedicated in 1908, at a cost of \$250,000, with a present value of \$500,000. The seating capacity is 1600, and the plan is to add 1400. In addition Irem owns its country club, valued at fully \$800,000, although the investment was but \$442,009. The property covers 361 acres.

Of the money to be raised \$260,000 is needed for the addition to the Mosque; \$390,000 to free the Temple and the Country Club of debt. Outright gifts are being sought, to be fully paid in 30 months.

Part of the Country Club grounds will be devoted to the proposed convalescent home for crippled children.

## ISLAM, SAN FRANCISCO

Islam's justly heralded oriental pilgrimage got off from San Francisco on August 3rd, the large group of Shrine trippers and their families being headed by Potentate P. A. Erbes, who was accompanied by Mrs. Erbes and Miss Donna Erbes. There were delegates not only from California points, but also from Iowa, Nebraska, Minnesota and other states. The decks of the Dollar liner President Taft and the docks were ablaze with fezzes, even Captain K. A. Ahlin, in command, wearing his Shrine headpiece instead of the regulation mariner's cap.

There will be visits to the Hawaiian Islands, Japan, China, Korea, the Philippines, Australia and New Zealand. Ceremonials will be held at several points, specially elaborate arrangements having been made in Shanghai, Hongkong and Manila.

While in the Philippines the party will go north to Baguio, the Summer capital, 5000 feet above the sea, a region of pine trees, where a blanket at night is customary.

The return journey will be made on the President Grant. The pilgrimage will last about ten weeks.

## ISMAILIA, BUFFALO, N. Y.

All of the Temple's 100 pilgrims who went to Europe for five weeks returned safe and sound on August 16th. Judge George H. Rowe, Potentate, who with his wife lead the family groups, said all arrangements worked perfectly. There were no accidents, no illness, and even the rain fell only at night and did not interfere with sightseeing. They received many courtesies in Canada, England, Scotland, and France, Holland and Belgium. In London they were the guests at the House of Commons

of Sir Samuel Chapman of Edinburgh and the Hon. James Stewart of Glasgow, both M. P.'s. They paraded through Trafalgar Square to the Cenotaph, laying wreaths there in tribute to the Unknown British Soldier.

On August 5th Ismailia cooperated with the Knights of Columbus in a big benefit picnic at Bison Stadium. Several hundred orphanage children were the special guests, for whom many circus and comic stunts were pulled off. A crowd of 10,000 saw the Shrine baseball team beat the K. of C. by 5 to 3. Acting Potentate Harry J. Gould did the official honors for the Temple.

The annual basket picnic was held on August 21st from noon to midnight at Erie Beach. Entire families were out by the hundreds and there were accommodations for 40,000 persons. There were two concerts by Ismailia Band, which also furnished the inspiration for the dancing.

## JAFFA, ALTOONA, PA.

A basket picnic on August 16th celebrated the Temple's silver anniversary, at Iyaside Park. Some of the big events of the day included two concerts by Noble F. L. Wetzler's Junior Band of Milesburg, Pa., composed of 85 boys from 8 to 17 years of age. A pageant, patrol drills and athletic contests occupied the day, followed by night dancing.

On August 5th the temple broke ground for the new mosque. Using the same spade that was employed for the same purpose nineteen years ago, when the temple now in use was started, Recorder Wilson A. Turner turned the first shovelful of earth for the one now to be constructed in Shrine Park, Broad Avenue and Twenty-third street. There was an impressive ceremony, with Potentate William G. Munn as presiding officer.

## JERUSALEM, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

The Temple Band broadcasts the fourth Wednesday night of each month, and last month complimentary letters were received from many states, requesting a repetition of that concert. In gratitude to the musicians, the local Nobility recently tendered them a big watermelon party.

The Arab Patrol held a Summer al fresco banquet in Oleander Cottage, Little Woods, on the shores of Lake Pontchartrain. On August 2nd the Mounted Patrol gave a typical monthly entertainment.

The mid-Summer shirtwaist ceremonial was held on August 4th. The class was of good size, and there were visitors from Abba in Mobile and Hamasa in Meridian.

## KAREM, WACO, TEXAS

Fully 100 Karemites went to Calvert on August 23rd, taking along the Band, the Patrol and entertainers. Their performance was given in Calvert City Park, drawing a large crowd. Noble Scott Field made the local arrangements, cooperating with H. F. Hellmuth and E. M. McCracken of Waco.

## KERAK, RENO, NEV.

Winnemucca was the scene of a Ceremonial on September 3rd, and for the time being it was the "oasis" for the "desert of Nevada." A special train on the 1st took the Nobles and Novices to the rodeo town, where its annual show was held for two days preceding the Shrine event.

## KHARTUM, WINNIPEG, CANADA

Officers of the Temple showed courtesies recently to Noble A. T. Williams, of Al Malakah, who appeared with credentials from Potentate Gillette and the Mayor and City

Dr. J. R. N. Bell, who died recently, was a charter member of Al Kader Temple, Portland, Oregon.

Photo by Bushnell, Portland, Ore.



Council of Los Angeles, inviting a large attendance of the local Nobility to the Imperial Council sessions in Los Angeles next June. He presented a golden key to the municipality of Winnipeg and the provincial government of Manitoba.

## KHEDIVE, NORFOLK, VA.

Nearly 1000 Nobles went to Ocean View Park on August 16th for a Ceremonial which imparted Light to 25 humble seekers thereof.

Potentate Walter A. Edmonds and a committee headed by George H. Lewis are discussing, in behalf of the Temple, a proposal to organize a golf and recreational club.

## LUXOR, ST. JOHN, N. B.

The Temple's mid-Summer frolic was held at Crystal Beach in August. The Carleton Cornet Band went along, playing for dancing on the boat as well as ashore. Field sports and a clam bake were enjoyed by several hundreds.

## MAHI, MIAMI, FLA.

The Band and the Chanters of the West Palm Beach Shrine Club entertained West Palm Beach on August 7th in City Park. Potentate E. B. Donnell, R. W. Milburn and Homer J. Rogers were in charge.

On August 16th both organizations enlivened the annual Summer frolic of the Coral Gables Nobility, at the Coral Gables Golf and Country Club.

## MEDIA, WATERTOWN, N. Y.

The Band, the Patrol, and 100 other members did some effective missionary work in Kingston on August 16th, giving a patrol drill, a concert, and in turn being guests at a banquet in the La Salle Hotel.

## MEDINAH, CHICAGO, ILL.

Company D of the Arab Patrol believes in being as active in Summer as all the rest of the year. The members of this unit and their wives enjoyed a week-end party at Powers Lake, Wisconsin, in August. Also, Captain Spruce's men held weekly luncheons throughout the hot months, at the Midwest Athletic Club and The Electric Club of Chicago. There was an enjoyable lake trip in September.

## MOILA, ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Many Moila men and their families went to Leavenworth, Kansas on August 12th, to be guests of the Nobility there at Abdallah Park, in which hilarity the Nobles and relations of Ararat of Kansas City, Missouri, joined. Golf was the principal morning diversion, followed by a picnic luncheon, and later swimming in the Temple's large pool.

## MOSLAH, FORT WORTH, TEXAS

The Drum Corps and the Bugle Corps now have a special committee for the ar-

[Shrine News Continued on page 42]

# "Physical fitness is a big factor in keeping pace..

## and sleep—good sound sleep is essential to health"

says

## W. FREELAND KENDRICK

Continuing, Mr. Kendrick says, "In this day and age, there's no such thing as standing still—you either progress or are passed by those who do."

Health was never more important. True, we do not work any longer hours today than formerly. But work has become more mental—the kind that burns up vital nerve tissue, destroying health—unless this nerve tissue is replaced by Nature through sound, untroubled sleep.

For years, Simmons, the world's largest makers of beds, mattresses and springs have worked with eminent physicians, hospitals and colleges to produce the sleeping equipment that would deliver most rest per hour. The Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Spring do just that—deliver most rest per hour.

They are totally different from other sleeping equipment.

In furniture and department stores, Simmons Ace Spring, \$19.75; Simmons Beautyrest Mattress \$39.50; Rocky Mountain Region and West slightly higher. Look for the name "Simmons". The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.



W. Freeland Kendrick former mayor of the City of Philadelphia. An active, aggressive, progressive man—an incisive clean cut type who has won success and friends in equal measure. "I prefer a Simmons Mattress and Ace Spring—they give me better sleep", says Mr. Kendrick.



(BELOW) Simmons Ace Spring — the outstanding modern coil spring. No side-sway nor tilting. The equal of a box spring yet lighter. Less in cost. Slip cover additional.

Simmons Beautyrest Mattress—an achievement. Luxurious upholstery conceals hundreds of inner coils which give the mattress its enduring buoyancy and uncrushable sides.



Just to see the Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Spring is an assurance of comfort—of nights of dreamless sleep.

BEDS • SPRINGS  
MATTRESSES

# SIMMONS

[BUILT FOR SLEEP]



John T. Cullen, Recorder, Kazim Temple, Roanoke, Va., is a representative to the Imperial Council.



SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 40]

range of certain projected stag affairs. The chairman is Edwin Brockman, and includes Dr. C. A. Ward, D. W. Carlton, O. J. Butts and D. W. Garland.

COLEIKA, LEXINGTON, KY.

An excursion to High Bridge on an especially chartered train, including a picnic dinner, dancing and river sports, kept the Nobility busy and pleased on August 16th. The committee in charge was composed of Dr. L. T. Marshall, W. T. Jordan and Carl Kelley.

COMAR, CHARLESTON, S. C.

The Summer Ceremonial was held in Florence, S. C., on August 15th, under the general direction of Potentate Jennings K. Owen. Visiting Nobles and their ladies began to arrive the morning of the 14th, and the big street parade and band concert was held that morning. The morning of the 15th was given up to visiting and swimming and a business meeting, with another parade at noon. Then came a chicken dinner, followed by the Ceremonial. At 5:00 P. M. the bathing beauty contest started, giving way later to dinner, followed by dancing.

COSMAN, ST. PAUL, MINN.

August 21st was children's day in St. Paul and out at Wildwood, at the invitation of Potentate Wright. The occasion was the Temple's greatest al fresco event of the year.

PYRAMID, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

The Arab Patrol used its annual outing at Wilton on September 8th as a vehicle for the entertainment of the Temple Band as special guests of honor. Helander's Camp was en fete. The sheep roast and the zem zem cache were popular with all.

SALAAM, NEWARK, N. J.

Twenty-five members of the Salaam Mounted Patrol paid a formal visit to Governor A. Harry Moore on August 18th, at Seagirt. They were luncheon guests of the Governor and Mrs. Moore, after which the unit performed equestrian maneuvers and passed in review before his Excellency.

SYRIA, PITTSBURGH, PA.

Syria Automobile Club held its annual outing and picnic at Rock Springs Park, Chester, W. Va., on August 17th, with an attendance of 1500. Louis Huck, president of the Club, afterward told Noble McDonald, of Osiris Temple, proprietor of the park, that all arrangements had been splendid.

On September 12th several hundred members enjoyed an old-fashioned stag picnic and reunion, with lots of corn on the cob to eat and athletic games to play for prizes.

WAHABI, JACKSON, MISS.

Past Potentate Walter A. Scott was re-elected Mayor of Jackson in August, and so were Past Potentate A. F. (Gus) Hawkins and Noble R. M. Taylor, City Councilmen, each to a fourth term. Other Wahabi members recently chosen to office were Noble X. A. Kramer to the Mayoralty of McComb, and Nobles P. J. Albright, L. Z. Dickey, J. E. Alford and W. R. Watkins to other municipal posts there.

ZAMORA, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

One of the Temple's Summer diversions was a vaudeville and movie party at a local

COMING EVENTS

October 1st—Al Kader, Portland, Ore., Dance opening Autumnal season.

October 4th—El Riad, Sioux Falls, North Dakota, Sousa's Band, Sousa in person leading.

October 8th-13th—Zorah, Terre Haute, Ind., Autumn Festival, style show.

October 12th—India, Oklahoma City, Ceremonial with Akdar, Tulsa, in Oklahoma City.

October 17th—Tigris, Syracuse, New York, first Autumn Ceremonial.

October 20th—El Kalah, Salt Lake City, opening of the dancing season.

October 26th—Syria, Pittsburgh, Pa., first Autumn (Hallowe'en) dance.

October 26th—El Maida, El Paso, first Autumn Ceremonial.

October 30th—Syria, Pittsburgh, Ceremonial, Uniontown, Penna.

November 15th—Kaaba, Davenport, Iowa, Will Rogers lecture.

November 19th—Tigris, Syracuse, 7th annual circus.

November 23rd—Zuhrah, Minneapolis, Minn., Potentate's ball.

theater. The management cooperated with Potentate Ozley and the temple entertainment committee on arranging the special program.

ZORAH, TERRE HAUTE, IND.

Zorah will hold a Fall festival October 8-13 in the Mosque, under the direction of Noble Walter Himmelbauer, an old timer at staging local fairs, carnivals or festivals. One of the big features will be a style show conducted by the merchants of the city.

ZUHRAH, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Ever interested in the Twin Cities Hospital, Zuhrah members held a reception there on August 11th, with many notables being escorted through the plant.

The Auto Club gave a dance on August 24th, when delightful Summer informality prevailed. Nicollet Hotel provided the setting for the Booster Club luncheon on September 10th.

ENTERED THE UNSEEN TEMPLE

Noble Henry Riggs Rathbone, Representative at Large for Illinois in Congress, member of Medinah Temple, of Chicago, was buried there on July 18th. Services were in charge of Oriental Consistory of the Scottish Rite, with representatives present of all Masonic bodies. Medinah Temple, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Modern Woodmen, Elks, Loyal Order of Moose, Hamilton Club, Union League Club, Chicago Bar Association, Illinois Bar Association, Chicago Association of Congress, A committee of Representatives designated by Speaker Longworth was in attendance officially.

Noble Rathbone's father, Major Henry



George R. Lanning, who died recently, was Potentate of El Riad Temple, Sioux Falls, So. Dakota.

Reed Rathbone, as an aide to President Lincoln, was in the Ford Theatre box at the time of the assassination, and scuffled with Booth until the latter jumped to the stage and fled. Also in the box was the Congressman's mother, daughter of United States Senator Ira Harris of New York.

Noble Rathbone was born in Washington on February 12th, 1870. He was an A.B. of Yale and LL.B. of the University of Wisconsin, and began the practise of law in Chicago in 1895. In 1903 he married Laura Lucille Harney of Oshkosh. He served six years in Congress and had been renominated by the Republicans.

Dr. J. R. N. Bell, for 52 years Grand Chaplain of the Grand Lodge of Oregon, died in Corvallis on June 3rd, after an illness of six years. In tenure of office he was the senior Grand Chaplain of the world. For 41 years he did not miss a session of the Grand Lodge, special arrangements having been made in recent years to facilitate his attendance.

Noble Bell was a charter member of Al Kader Temple, of Portland, organized on January 3rd, 1888. The only charter member now living is Noble Phil S. Malcolm, 33°.

Last Spring, when Al Kader made a pilgrimage to Marshfield and Corvallis, he was taken to a hotel and there greeted by the Nobility assembled.

Noble Bell was affiliated with both York and Scottish Rites.

Bell Field, at the Oregon State Agricultural College, was named after him.

Dr. George Richard Lanning, Potentate of El Riad Temple, Sioux Falls, South Dakota, dropped dead of heart disease, in the street, recently. He was 50 years old and had been ill for several months. He was interested in the Cumbo-Lanning Oil Co.

Noble Lanning, one of Sioux Falls' prominent dentists, was born in Sheldon, Iowa, where he married Miss Myrtle Fairbanks in 1903. They moved to Sioux Falls in 1909. Children surviving with the widow are Harriet Ann, Mary Elizabeth and G. R. Jr.

Noble Lanning was admitted to Mistletoe Lodge No. 376, of Sheldon, demitting to a Minnesota lodge, and later to Unity No. 120 in Sioux Falls, of which he was Master in 1916. He became a Shriner in 1909. He was an officer in the Scottish Rite for several years, being Master of Kadosh in Oriental Consistory from January, 1921 to January, 1927.

Unity Lodge was in charge of the cemetery services, with music by the Sunshine Club of El Riad. Among the out-of-town Nobility in attendance were these officers of Abu Bekr Temple, Sioux City, Iowa: Potentate Clyde G. Cummins, Chief Rabban Fred Wood, Recorder Linder E. Brostrom.

WITH A PERSONAL TINGE

Noble George B. Sherry, 33°, was signally honored on his 70th birthday recently, when Potentate George F. Eisenbrown led 275 Shriners to Easton, Pennsylvania, from Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Bethlehem and Bangor. There the visiting Nobles joined with those of Reading to make the affair one of the most notable ever held in the Hotel Easton.

The festivities began with a dinner at the Pomfret Club to Potentate Eisenbrown, after which the official party went to the hotel for the reception to Noble Sherry. There Noble Edmund E. Kroll, chairman of the local committee of arrangements, introduced Mayor Samuel S. Horn, who stated that the Shriners were "assembled to do honor to

[Shrine News continued on page 50]

OCTOBER, 1928

AROUND THE CARAVAN

[Continued from page 33]

card indexed and systematized than he. He had one of those wild free spirits which refused to be kept within the confines of conventionality.

Far be it from me to sympathize with murder and stealing. But it should be equally far from me to go snooping around into other fellows' baskets to see if their figs are naughty, turning up my nose so far that a shower would rain into it, because I am such a superior being.

It is a pretty good bet for us all to keep our noses out of other people's fig baskets, while we take a good look into our own to see if it holds any naughty figs. F'instance. There is that Noble who is always on his feet blatherskiting about this and that in the Temple. He's a naughty fig. But is he really? Isn't it possible that the Noble who thinks so is a bit envious of his ability to stand on his hind legs and say his say without stepping on his tongue?

How about the hard working Potentate of ours whom I criticize so often because the ceremonials are not up to the highest standards of my ideas? If I take my nose out of his basket for a minute and stop looking at his naughty figs, to ask myself honestly if I could put on a better ceremonial myself—well, maybe I think I could. Then why don't I hop to it and help him? Let's look it square in the face, Noble. If you can't beat it and yet criticize you have more naughty figs in your basket than in his. If I can beat it and don't jump in and help him, my figs smell to heaven!

We started with a text. Let's finish with another from the good old Book. We all have a bit of Pharisee in us:

"The Pharisee stood and prayed thus to himself, 'God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men!'"

Just notice that he prayed to himself, not to God!

OUR NERVES AND THE TRICKS THEY PLAY

[Continued from page 27]

usually not difficult for the wise physician to start him on a course of re-education, and to put to useful work the energies which he has been dissipating in his emotional struggles.

Fortunately, nerves are not fatal. Nobody dies of a nervous breakdown or other neurosis. There is always the opportunity to come back and take one's place among the healthy, cheerful, busy people of the world. The one thing the nervous patient does not need is a rest cure. What he or she does need is fresh air and sunshine, the substitution of physical fatigue induced by exercise for the emotional fatigue of introspection, and something so interesting and absorbing to occupy the mind that there is no time left to think about oneself.

When such activities are added to a clear realization that one's mental and physical habits have been based upon wrong beliefs and a distorted view of life, the neurotic is cured. The hard part is arriving at the necessary understanding of one's inner self. That is where the up-to-date nerve specialist is of the greatest service; but even without his aid many—an unguessable proportion but a large one—of the sufferers from nerves can find their way back to normal life and health, once they grasp the essential requisite of digging up the real cause of their condition, uprooting it and discarding it in the light of their own intelligence and reasoning powers.

# Break up the long Winter Grind



Su.	Mo.	Tu.	We.	Th.
6	7	8	9	10
13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	

We Sail Jan. 23rd to

HAVANA  
MATANZAS  
SANTIAGO  
PORT ANTONIO  
KINGSTON  
PANAMA  
HAITI  
NASSAU

Join the SHRINERS' 2nd Annual Cruise to the West Indies

PUT 19 bright, glorious days right in the middle of the long winter stretch coming between New Year's and Spring. If you make a few plans now, you can sail away from slush, biting winds, colds-in-the-head and your daily routine—to the balmy, colorful lands of the Caribbean. And with congenial fellow Shriners!

The splendid cruise ship, White Star Line S. S. Calgaric, has been specially chartered for Shriners and their families and friends. She will carry us from New York, January 23rd to the gayest, most alluring and beautiful parts of the West Indies.

Nineteen days of sheer enjoyment when you will need a vacation the most! Extensive shore excursions, exploring with amiable fellow Shriners the most picturesque scenes of the southern seas. No work to do, no travel worries. Every travel detail cared for by the cruise experts of James Boring's Travel Service,

Inc.—the same competent organization which made our cruise last year such a success.

All Expenses \$275 and Up

By all going together, we will be assured of congenial companions. And we will command most surprising rates! One fee covers every necessary expense, including liberal shore trips. \$275 for very comfortable staterooms, somewhat more for the choicest ones. At every point the very best of accommodations will be waiting for us.

Necessary to Plan SOON

To make sure of the utmost in comfort, membership has been strictly limited to 480, though the S. S. Calgaric could carry twice as many. Reservations have been coming in rapidly. So plan NOW to make sure of being included in the 480. Talk up a party to go from your community. Get complete information from your local steamship agent. Or mail the coupon for illustrated folder.

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Address.....

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## WHAT THE HOSPITALS ARE DOING

[Continued from page 9]

for children under special observation. Frequently a child will develop a temperature or some unforeseen malady, and in these little private rooms close up to the attendants they are carefully watched.

On either side of the ante-room of the two wings are two large wards, one of which takes care of the little children and the other the older ones. These two wards are in turn separated by glass windows, so that running parallel with the main wards there are two sun rooms in each wing on the east and also two in each wing on the north and south. The sun rooms to the north and south in these wings are the school rooms for the boys and girls respectively. From these sunny school rooms doors open upon inclines, which are built so that the beds and wheel chairs of the children may be taken out doors easily.

The Units in the various States are two stories high, the first story taking care of the hospital proper, together with the business offices, superintendent and house physicians' quarters, the dining-room for the hospital staff, kitchen and serving rooms, living quarters for employees, clinic, store rooms, to say nothing of laboratories, diet kitchens, commodious closets.

On the second floor of this large hospital at Chicago the graduate nurses and attendants have their suites of rooms and here are two beautifully furnished living-rooms. Chinese rugs, enormous in size, adorn the floors, and beautiful oil paintings the walls; soft shaded lamps throw a lovely glow at night, and the hangings beautify the day. The furniture is comfortable and very fitting for girls who have been busy every minute of the day.

Separated from the nurses' living quarters is the dentists' room. Here four dentists of the city of Chicago have fitted out a modern dental laboratory especially adapted for children. The dentist chair is small, and if such an instrument of torture could be comfortable this one looks the part. In a cabinet are ample supplies necessary to successful dentistry. Chicago dentists give their services, and the teeth of the little patients all show the good care they receive.

Also on this floor are the two operating rooms, perfectly equipped in every respect. Adjacent to these are X-ray rooms, recovery rooms, sterilizing rooms, anesthesia rooms, all furnished with every conceivable contrivance for safety in surgery, and every convenience and modern invention known to science. The physicians and surgeons of Chicago who donate their services to this hospital are all outstanding in their professions. Many have come through storm and sleet and in the wee small hours of the night to minister to a suffering child. Because of such trips and the spirit of the service, the children have lived, for the

## HOW THE WORK IS PROGRESSING

The following table is made up of the combined figures of all the fifteen Hospital Units for the month of July, 1928, and shows the extent of the work accomplished during that period:

Number of new patients admitted	229
Number of patients discharged—cured, or benefited.....	226
Number of beds occupied by patients .....	800
Number on waiting list.....	1857

(Above) At the Philadelphia Unit. An outdoor class on the care of the skin, conducted by Mrs. Burnham of the teaching staff.



(Right) Noble Ray Schalk (extreme right), while he still was leader of the Chicago White Sox, took some of the players to cheer up the little patients in the Shreveport Hospital.

Chicago hospital has never lost a child.

In approaching the hospital one is impressed with the dignity of the grounds and the contour of the building. A winding drive brings one in from the street. The day I arrived the Shrine emblem directly in the center of the broad lawn was being planted in flowers. Just beyond this and close up to the drive, the American flag was also being done in this manner. The different Park Boards of the City of Chicago take care of work like this, the West Park Board taking care of the grass and shrubbery, the Cook County Forest Preserve attending to the trimming of the trees, and the Lincoln Park Board the furnishing and planting of flowers.

While going through the hospital on Sunday with Mr. Wade and Mr. Rice I unexpectedly came upon the clinic department. This occupies considerable space, having many rooms, partitioned in glass half way up, where outgoing and incoming children are prepared for examination. Here the physicians hold a clinic once a week, and the children are bathed and shampooed before they are admitted for treatment.

My sojourn gave ample opportunity to look into all the nooks and crannies and I am free to confess that in all of my life I have never seen so complete an establishment. Every hospital necessity is provided and all the features of a comfortable and luxurious home are in evidence. With all of this there is a spirit which quickens the whole and spreads a glow of happiness over the children. The diet kitchens, adjacent to the girls' and boys' wings respectively, were interesting features. Here the little trays, each in its own separate compartment and bearing the owner's name, occupy one area of the kitchen. The very best of nourishing food is provided, three big meals a day in addition to two intermediate lunches in one of which milk is the pre-dominating food element and fruit the other,

being a very great factor in the building process of the healing work.

The laboratories are immaculate. The several closets stocked to capacity told their own story of the comfort fund. I was thrilled when Miss Jackson opened one of these and showed me the little dresses, rompers, undies, stockings and shoes, all of which were brand new and pretty and attractive. Other closets close by filled with crutches, small wheel chairs, kiddie-cars, scooters, school books and toys were indeed very present evidences of generous expenditures. To me the linen closets had a certain charm; I think it was because they were so fully supplied, so orderly and so sweet and clean.

The other store rooms are equipped equally well. Imagine, if you can, going into a veritable drug store, with all the necessary supplies of a hospital piled to the ceiling on all four sides, all orderly and labeled and ready. Imagine a store room with things to eat in the same condition of order, and another huge closet with shelves loaded to capacity with stationery. Everything necessary for the well being of the child is provided in a lavish manner.

There are two niches in the long corridor leading to the two wings; here the player piano alternately occupies space for a period of two weeks, the girls using it and then the boys. During my sojourn the boys had it, and Sunday morning they enjoyed it, I can assure you.

The dormitory wings of the hospital of both girls and boys have been beautifully decorated by Gustav Brandt. He has given to the girls the stories of Cinderella and her Fairy Prince, Little Red Riding Hood and the Wolf, Beauty and the Beast, and Little Goldie Locks; and to the laddies the fairy stories of the Dwarfs, Sir Galahad, hero stories and other tales that fire the imagination of the real boy. In glorious array and in life size these lovely paintings adorn the

walls on all sides and gorgeously tell in words of rhyme and picture the stories that children have listened to and loved for generations. In the years to come these lovely paintings will in a great measure have influenced each little child who has lain and gazed upon them. The artist has given to the Shrine Hospital a priceless gift and the transcending beauty of the stories depicted, I am sure, has a very great part in the healing work that is going on in the little bodies.

Being in the hospital at night gave me the opportunity of visiting the two wings while the children slept. Ever so quietly I first tiptoed down to the girls' wing. The night light on the attendant's desk in the anteroom threw a soft glow over this room; the peace and quiet prevailing in these night hours was the most comforting feature of my whole experience at the hospital; seeing these precious children tucked snugly beneath their little soft warm blankets sound asleep made me downright happy. Here and there a little arm was out, but generally each one was cuddled up snug and warm. Seeing a window up near one of the children, I asked Miss Jackson if they ever caught cold being so near with the cold air coming in, but she said they wanted it like that, and of all the sixty kiddies that I visited and came to know not one had a cold. The low baseboard night light defined my way as I passed these little beds and as I noted each sleeping child I thought how unlike a hospital this place really is; no suffering, no groaning, no nurses hurrying to and fro—just an attendant busy sewing upon little dresses at her desk, keeping her silent vigil throughout the night.

In the boys' wing the same condition prevailed. Here, however, a few hundred feet away long trains of cars went thundering by, making noise enough to wake the dead. But the boys love the close proximity of this particular activity; to them it is a joy forever and their rest is broken not at all.

So many little things that these children did and said struck me all in a heap, so human and sweet they were, chiefly among them the love the children manifested for a young student physician who was bidding them good-by before he left for San Francisco on the morrow. The first afternoon when we stepped into the ward he was bending over a little girl dressing a wound I thought, but later I looked his way and lo! one little girl was riding upon his shoulder and in each of his arms he carried the very littlest ones, as he made his rounds.

Upon winding up my first visit with Miss Jackson, the Assistant Superintendent, we discovered a disconsolate child. "What is the matter?" asked Miss Jackson of this little eight-year-old. With tears in her big eyes and swallowing hard to keep them back, she replied, "I hate to see Dr. Soule go. Oh! I hate to see him go so far away." It was with difficulty that Miss Jackson finally brought back the smile to this little face, but in the kindest, sweetest way this task was accomplished. The children are so frank with Miss Jackson; they ask her for a doll, or for candy, or for a book, and remind her of a promise so guilelessly that one is impressed with the conviction that there is no fear here—just understanding and kindness.

In the girls' wing there was the cunningest little colored girl. She showed no sign of feeling unlike the other little girls nor did she manifest any sign of a difference when I later came upon her out in the yard where the little beds had been wheeled for fresh air. This little stray was perfectly happy and at ease with the white girls. She was very insistent that I know her name, "Wanda." "Look at the card," said she, "at the foot of my bed, it is written [Shrine News continued on page 46]

# KEEP FIT

in 15 minutes a day

OSCAR SHAW, Musical Comedy Star, a Health Builder enthusiast.

DOROTHY KNAPP, world-famous beauty, says: "I unhesitatingly recommend the Health Builder to everyone interested in keeping radiantly healthy."

NEVER before has health been so important an asset for business and social success as it is today. Never before has the pressure of modern living put such a strain on physical condition. You simply must KEEP FIT—without waste of time or effort.

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There is only one way to keep fit — DAILY physical exercise. Science now makes this possible, and in a most enjoyable, simple new way. Just 15 minutes a day of invigorating massage and vibratory exercise with the famous Battle Creek Health Builder, manufactured under the patents of Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, awakens each tiny capillary into new activity, stimulates the perspiratory and seba-

ceous glands, vigorously massages the heaviest muscles, helps eliminate dangerous body poisons, and quickly reduces weight in any part of the body desired.

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No other appliance can produce the same effects as the Health Builder. Improved year by year, as a result of long study and research by an eminent physician, the action of the Health Builder is perfectly synchronized with human muscle tone.

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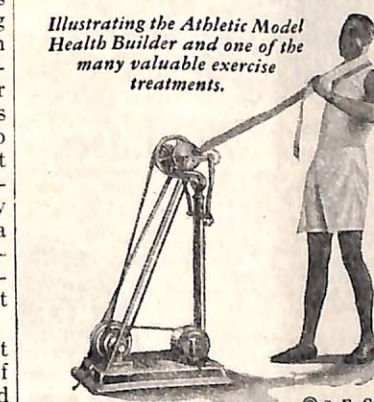
Ideal for home use is the Universal Home Model, a compact enclosed Health Builder. The Athletic Model is very popular for clubs, home gymnasiums, colleges, health centers, institutions, steamships, etc., while the handsome De Luxe Cabinet Models combine utility with distinctive beauty.

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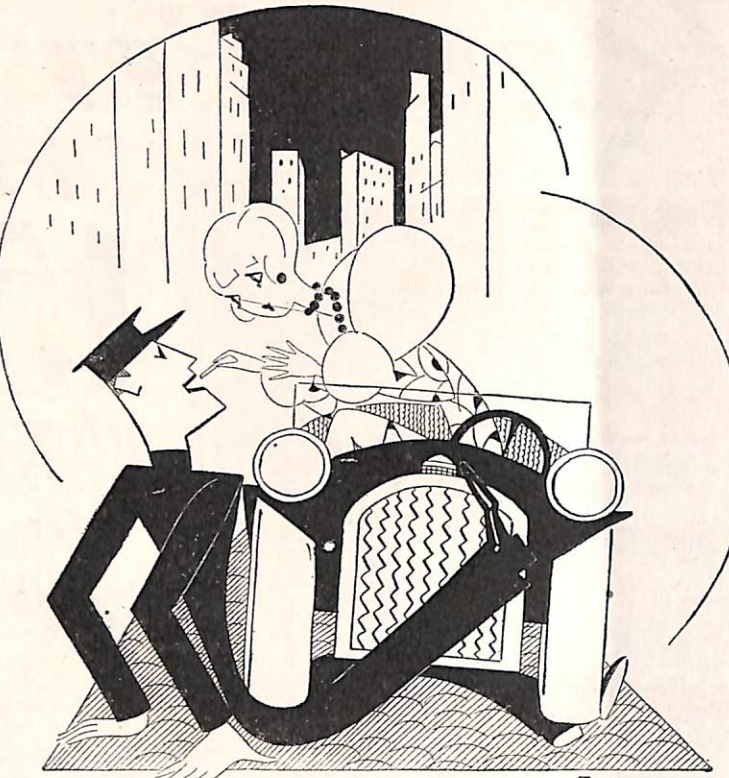
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Nine times out of ten, YOU are the one who stands the loss if a crook gets hold of your check and raises it. Don't take any more chances! The next check you write may fall into the hands of a check-raiser! Make your checks crook-proof with an Arnold Check Writer. It cuts the figures right through the paper and prints with acid-proof ink. World's lowest priced check writer. A present-day necessity for everyone who has a bank account. Thousands in use. Write today for Free Trial Offer.

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**GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.)**  
110 Hoffman Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

### WHAT THE HOSPITALS ARE DOING [Continued from page 45]

upon the card." Wanda is about four years old. Next to Wanda in one of the little separated rooms in this ward (these small rooms are separated by glass halfway up and used for the new children who have just entered for treatment in order that they may be under special observation before an operation) was a beautiful little girl, a baby I should say not yet three years of age. Her hair was like spun gold and curled in soft curls all about her head. She was leaning over the foot of the bed deeply dejected, so very unhappy that no word or caress would move her; she just could not smile; though there were no tears they are like this sometimes, but invariably they enter into the spirit of the place and become happy, and quite frequently are the very children who cry upon leaving.

Over on the boys' side there is the sweetest baby who came to the hospital eighteen months ago at the age of eleven months to have club feet made straight and strong. Such a siege as they have had with this child! Immediately after his admittance he was put upon a bottle and for a short while all seemed to be well with little Paul, and then—it was found he had scarlet fever. At once he was put in the isolation ward, and there he remained in quarantine for four long months, for, on the heels of scarlet fever, diphtheria set in and following this a mastoid, and later an operation for tonsils. For three months this baby had in attendance a day and night nurse. Paul is of a Catholic family and when he became so desperately ill and his father was summoned and asked, "Would you like to have a priest come in and see Paul?" in gratitude he said he would. The priest came and at the bedside of this apparently dying child they both knelt in prayer. Miss Jackson told me she never expected to have little Paul when she came down in the morning. But behold, he rallied and recovered and has been a great pet in the hospital ever since. Paul has a partner in one of the employees. This man has taught him to talk and all day long he follows "Theodore" about, and "helps" him with his work. His pal's name was the first he learned to say. Nearly always there is a scene when Theodore puts up his tools and quits for the day, for Paul is tired, too, and cries after him.

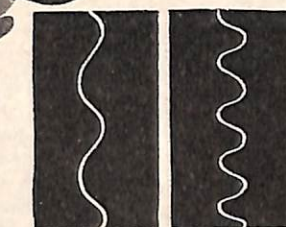
In the initial work for club feet an anaesthetic is given and after this manipulation treatments, massage and plaster casts, until the correction is completely accomplished. Often after the casts are removed and the little feet show every symptom of being normal the work must be done again, but ultimately club feet can be corrected, and are. I was told that Paul's little feet will soon be straight and strong as any child's, and even now he walks everywhere in his little white casts the cunning little toes peeping in and out. It is not customary to take children so young as Paul, but somehow he crept in and proved an exception to the Shrine regulations.

There is another baby in the boys' wing, named Tommie. For two solid months he sulked and even now he gets on regular tantrums, and tears and throws right and left his pillows or toys. One little foot is minus—he was born without it. On my first afternoon visit to this ward Tommie crawled under his covers and here he giggled and laughed hilariously and would not come out, chock full of fun and sweet and playful. But on Sunday morning all was gloom again and the pillows and toys flew in all directions. For some strange reason (but perhaps not strange either) crippled children seem to be oddities; not being like other

[Shrine News Continued on page 48]

## Guarantee— New hair grown quickly or no pay—

Free trial—  
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Rough Diagram Suggesting: Left—the long-wave Infra-Red rays; right—short-wave Ultra-Violet.

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Now at last—through the electric magic of Infra-red Rays—Science has found a startling way to grow new hair quickly.

No matter how fast your hair is falling out, no matter how much of it is gone—this is our guarantee: This amazing new electrical discovery will end your dandruff, stop falling hair and grow thick, luxuriant new hair in 4 weeks—or you pay nothing! You risk nothing. You are the judge—your own mirror will furnish the astounding evidence.

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All observant men have noticed that their beard grows faster in hot weather than in cold. What causes that?

Simply this: Heat rays of a certain kind that stimulate and vitalize the hair-growing tissue.

Two years ago a noted surgeon, seeking to bring back his own hair—applying all his scientific knowledge to the problem—made a remarkable discovery. It is the first time a scientific man of his standing has ever entered this field of helpfulness.

He discovered a simple way in which to use life-giving invisible heat rays—known to all scientists—to restore health and normal conditions to the scalp tissues and so RESTORE HAIR in all

but certain rare instances. It ended his own baldness. Today his hair is unusually thick and luxuriant.

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Because of his scientific conservatism and his standing in his profession, the discoverer of Dermo-Ray made no general announcement of his startling discovery. But, as the head of his own hospital, his own case records—with hundreds of men and women—proved scientifically, conclusively, that this new discovery grows hair, when nothing else will—grows hair, ends dandruff, in NINE OUT OF TEN CASES. Now that the amazing power of Infra-red Rays is known to the entire scientific world—and DERMO-RAY has been proved to be one of the most startling scientific discoveries of recent years—now for the first time, has Dr. Theodore H. Larson permitted public announcement of his discovery to be made.

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In nine out of ten so-called cases of baldness the hair roots are not dead. They are only dormant. But when you try to reach them with hair tonics, oils, massages and salves, you are obviously wasting both time and money. For you treat only the surface skin—never get to the roots.

Your own physician will tell you that the warm, soothing Infra-red Ray penetrates more deeply through human tissue than any other harmless heat-ray known to science. It reaches the hair root and electrically, almost magically, revitalizes it. Hair literally "sprouts" as a result.

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You can use DERMO-RAY in any home with electricity. The warm, soothing, Infra-red Rays vitalize your scalp while you rest or read—a few minutes each day is all the time required.

In four weeks you will be free forever from the social and business embarrassment of baldness—or you pay nothing.

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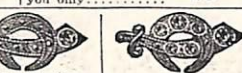


31087M. Diamond Mounted Solid Green Gold Ring—the Shrine emblem is of platinum raised on black enamel. Perfectly cut, blue-white diamond is securely set in platinum. Our price direct to you... \$50.00

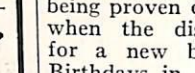
36964M. New Solid Gold Charm having Consistory emblem on one side and a beautiful designed Shrine emblem on the other. The charm opens on a hinge showing the Blue Lodge and Scottish Rite emblems. Price direct to you... \$15.00



37742M. Finely designed Platinum front Button... \$1.50



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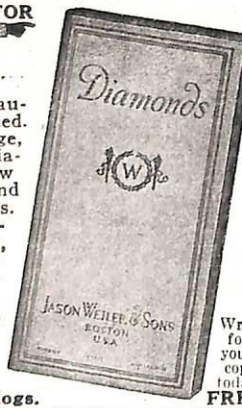
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## WHAT THE HOSPITALS ARE DOING

[Continued from page 46]

children is so grievous a cross I think it embitters them, and hurts them to the breaking point; but when they are grouped together in affliction much of this reticence and bitterness and unhappiness fades away. How wonderful it is when the entire deformity can be corrected, for then the heartache is cured and they become altogether normal.

The children, I am told, do not dread the operations, and have a great pride in their improvement and recovery, and are very solicitous for the smaller ones, and those who are suffering and helpless. They really do a great deal in helping each other to health and happiness.

In this hospital lasting and close friendships are made, the quality and strength being proven on clinic day and outgoing day when the dismissed little patient returns for a new brace or general examination. Birthdays in the hospital are gala days indeed. There are no naps on these days. When a little girl has a birthday a huge pink ribbon bow adorns her bed, and for a boy there is a blue one just as big and resplendent. The child having the birthday is dolled up in pretty clothes, has a birthday cake with candles, and is honored and made much of. Sometimes an entertainer comes in and amuses the children, but they are all quite capable of amusing themselves. They come to the birthday party in wheelchairs or kiddie cars, and those who can walk wheel the beds of the little ones who cannot be up, and the chairs of the others. The guest child receives a special gift and always there is ice cream and cake.

Adjacent to the office of the clinic is a large room with benches where the children go to see moving pictures. Often the theater men of Chicago send out pictures, and they are always first released films. Tom Mix is said to be their favorite star.

My first impression of the children's appearance was how well and becoming their hair is cut. Well, Sunday morning a great "to do" down the direction of the boys' wing revealed the ministrations of a barber. He was a busy man, I can tell you. By arrangement, the barbers of Chicago send out one of their number every Sunday morning to cut the hair of the kiddies. Something of a sermon I think there is in such a service as this. The convalescent boys were all busy acting as assistants to Mister Barber, and hilarity was in the air.

Nine graduate nurses beside the two resident physicians live in the house, and added to this are numerous attendants.

In a room on the first floor of the hospital a brace maker works upon casts and braces. I was told by Mr. Wade that this man—a German—is a real genius. His work is that of a master; nothing but absolute perfection will suit this young man, and judging from the casts and the braces and little shoes I saw that he had made I knew that to the first and last detail not the smallest thing had been left undone.

It is really amazing, all the good that is accomplished in these Shrine Hospitals after the child is operated upon. When the worst days are over some interesting occupation or exercise is given these little ones, depending, of course, on the nature of the correction. Occupational therapy is being furnished in the most modern and efficient manner. The little minds are kept busy with some new and interesting idea, so the hours are never lonely, but profitable and entertaining.

Medinah Temple provides each week some pleasurable amusement, entertaining and instructive for these kiddies. Thus, they are not only getting their little bodies

mended, but their minds are being improved, and they are growing and developing and always they become happier.

Apart from the altruism everywhere evident, in the hospital at Chicago, I was impressed with the systematic business management which pervaded the entire institution. And yet with all of this, the Unit took on to me so much of the beautiful, so much of the best of manly Masonic effort. Indeed, here the men of Medinah are building better than they know—all unconsciously they are building out of little helpless wreckage and human driftwood lasting and beautiful monuments. Some day when these men grow old I have not a doubt that day following day will let them see the fruits of all this blessed labor of love.

In all my journeying through these Shrine hospitals I cannot but hark back to the thought of how young this venture is, and of how successful it is, and of the great vision it was, and how masterful has been its execution. The love and devotion of the men who sponsored this movement seems to me to be the crown of the house; the order and cleanliness, the beauty of the house; the sweet contentment of the sheltered children, the blessing of the house; and the glory of this house is the spirit of the men who faithfully go about doing good unselfishly, obeying the Master Teacher who said "Inasmuch as Ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, Ye have done it unto me."

A report from the Twin Cities hospital (St. Paul-Minneapolis) shows an annual per capita per diem of \$3.22, which record of efficiency brought forth a resolution of congratulations and commendation from the Board to the Superintendent, Miss Lucy F. Corey.

Recently a poor little boy, suffering from a very acute condition, was brought into the unit at 4:00 o'clock. Dr. Wallace H. Cole, the Chief Surgeon, waiving all precedence, called the staff together, and a successful operation was performed within two hours. The lad is progressing steadily and ultimate correction is confidently expected.

A most unusual situation arose a short time ago, when one of the boys developed a pronounced case of tetanus 28 days after his operation. It was necessary to use 109,000 units of antitoxin to save him. Two special nurses were on the case constantly, which shows the care and attention given to the little charges.

Not so long ago four applications were received from one family—three brothers and a sister—each suffering from a congenital foot condition. They were recommended by Kem Temple, of Grand Forks, North Dakota, and probably all will enter at the same time.

Noble J. Harry Lewis, Secretary of the Board of Governors of the Twin Cities Hospital, checked up on June 15th and found that 19 temples had patients there, as follows:

Aad of Duluth, 3; Ahmed of Marquette, Michigan, 2; Al Bedoo of Billings, Montana, 1; Algeria of Helena, Montana, 3; Bagdad of Butte, 4; El Jebel of Denver, 3; El Kahir of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, 1; El Riad of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, 7; El Zagal of Fargo, North Dakota, 5; Kalif of Sheridan, Wyoming, 2; Kem of Grand Forks, 6; Naja of Deadwood, South Dakota, 3; Osman of St. Paul, 3; Saladin of Grand Rapids, 1; Tehama of Hastings, Nebraska, 1; Tangier of Omaha, 4; Tripoli of Milwaukee, 6; Yelduz of Aberdeen, South Dakota, 7; Zuhrah of Minneapolis, 7; total, 67.

Rameses Temple in Toronto is raising \$15,000 for the local relief of crippled children whose parents cannot afford treatment for

## WHAT THE HOSPITALS ARE DOING [Continued from page 48]

them. This is in addition to their regular annual assessments. To aid in this good cause Rameses recently held an entertainment under the general title of "Melodyland" and gave five performances. It was a composite production of grand opera, musical comedy, revue features and vaudeville, and the talent was of the city's best amateur circles. A considerable sum was raised.

In the last three and one-half years the mobile unit in Spokane, Washington, attached to St. Luke's Hospital, has given surgical treatment to 406 children from Eastern Washington, Montana, northern Idaho and British Columbia. In addition, weekly clinics are held once a week for the "out" patients who do not need one of the 20 beds in the unit.

The beds are always occupied, and there are 80 children on the waiting list. Some of the patients have been there three or four months. The Spokane Daughters of the Nile provide motor rides once a week; also clothes when the children leave, in which they are assisted by other organizations. The unit's women's auxiliary furnishes the birthday parties and other festivities.

Special work in sewing, paper work and occupational therapy is given by the Junior League of Spokane. The Spokane School Board details a teacher to conduct the school work.

On June 5th the picture "An Equal Chance" was shown in Spokane in El Katif Temple, resulting in the spontaneous proposal of a "silver shower," and \$392 was thrown on the carpet in five minutes. The money will be used to buy a new piano.

A splendid example of the thorough manner in which Shriners take care of patients is shown in the case of little Francis Elizabeth Tinsley, 7 years old, of Columbia, South Carolina, who on June 30th was sent to the Shriners Hospital in Greenville, South Carolina. She has spinal meningitis and paralysis of both legs, and will be a ward of the Shrine for ten years.

A St. Louis Grand Jury recently set a precedent which would do much for crippled children if followed by others. The members gave their service pay warrants to the Shriners Hospital there, the total being \$289.

(All other grand juries throughout the country please copy.)

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Now all you do is sign and mail the coupon, soon as you finish readin' this ad. When I get it, then I personally see that you get a box of freshly made full-flavored cigars, size and shape as pictured, postage paid by me.

This cigar you see pictured is my famous Panatela, a full, five-

inch cigar. Sellin' 'em by the thousands, for years! Genuine Cuban-grown clear Havana filler gives it richness and rare flavor. The fine Sumatra leaf wrapper makes it burn even and leave a long white ash. This cigar, men, is just about "heavy" enough to satisfy your cravin' for a real smoke, yet light enough to please fellers accustomed to cigarettes. Strictly hand-made, of course.

Now get busy and mail that coupon. Soon as it comes in, I'll send you a box of 50 selected, cool-burnin' cigars. Then you smoke ten, at your leisure. If after you smoke ten, the box doesn't seem worth \$3.50, return the forty unsmoked cigars within ten days. No explanation necessary. No "forms" to fill out. Just shoot 'em back at my expense.

### Order now and enjoy the cigars at once

In orderin' please use your business letterhead, or the coupon, fillin' in the line marked "Reference."

Or, if you don't wanta bother givin' a reference, just drop me a post card and you can pay the postman \$3.50 when the cigars are delivered. I pay the postage.

You take no risk. Remember, the cigars won't cost you a penny if you don't like 'em.

Mail the coupon to me, personally.

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Please send me a box of 50 Panatela cigars. If, after smoking 10, I decide the box is worth \$3.50, I agree to send you that amount. If I decide it isn't worth that amount, I agree to return the 40 unsmoked cigars within ten days with no obligation.

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(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 42])

one of the worthiest members of the Order in this section. Nothing is ever begun in local Masonic circles without the assistance of George B. Sherry. When any brothers are sick or in need of help Mr. Sherry is always one of the first to respond."

Potentate Eisenbrown alluded to Noble Sherry's life as one carrying out the saying that "actions speak louder than words," and added that he and the others "would gladly have traveled 550 miles instead of only 50 to honor George Sherry."

There were many other prominent speakers, and in response Noble Sherry said, "Colonel Lindbergh has been honored by various governments as no other man has been honored, but he never felt any happier than I do on this occasion."

Noble W. C. Dickey is a member of Isis Temple, of Salina, Kansas. In addition to being prominent in the Scottish Rite he is high in the Odd Fellows and will become Grand Master of that Order in Kansas in October. He has had the unique distinction of personally conferring all the degrees of the Blue Lodge on his two sons. For a boy who "rode range" in the early days of western Kansas Noble Dickey has gone far.

Recorder W. E. Joseph of Aladdin Temple, Columbus, Ohio, decided recently that he has been a Masonic worker 267 years, which certainly looks like the world's record. His score is as follows:

Recorder of Mt. Vernon Commandery No. 1, 44 years; Recorder of Aladdin Temple, A.A.O.N.M.S., 34 years; Secretary of the Scottish Rite Bodies, 34 years; Secretary of Ohio Chapter No. 12, 30 years;

Secretary of The Masonic Temple Assn., 39 years; Recorder of Columbus Council No. 8, 30 years; Recorder of Red Cross of Constantine, 17 years; Recorder of Columbus Court No. 8, R.O.J., 11 years; Secretary of the Masonic Fraternal Assn., 18 years; Secretary of the Shrine Club (in existence before Aladdin Temple was organized) 6 years; Secretary of Achbar Grotto No. 31, 4 years.

#### SHRINE CLUBS

The Caravan Club of Almas Temple has been reorganized. The Chief Rabban, Edwin C. Dutton, has been appointed president, Past Potentates Roe Fulkerson, Harry Standiford and William S. Quinter, vice-presidents. The board of governors consists of the Past Potentates of the Temple and the club will meet for luncheon every Friday at 12:30 noon at the Raleigh Hotel. Visiting Nobles are always welcome.

The Green Bay Shrine Club is a live organization of 125 Nobles which meets every Wednesday noon in the Hotel Northland, Green Bay, Wisconsin. In addition to the weekly luncheons they frequently have a dinner dance. The officers are Dr. C. W. Boag, president; Leon Fitzgerald, vice-president, Walter C. Scherf, sec'y-treas.

The six Clubs of Kalurah Temple, outside of Binghamton, are Southern Tier Shrine Association, Elmira, 487 members; Valley Shrine Association, Waverly, 146 members; Tompkins County Shrine Association, Ithaca, 175 members; Central New York Shrine Association, Norwich, 310 members; Tioga Shrine Club, Oswego, 60 members, and Delaware Valley Shrine Club, 25 members.

## WITH THE IMPERIAL POTENTATE

[Continued from page 36]

jokingly that it "really makes me Chief Wild Gooseberry." Whereat all those who heard the royal sally did laugh uproariously.

Big Chief Wa-Wa Saskatoon's next stop was Calgary, Alberta, where he assured newspaper reporters that "Canada is keeping up with the times," adding that on each visit he notices improvements and great growth.

Here Al Azhar Temple gave Mr. and Mrs. Jones a beautiful bowl made entirely of Canadian silver. Owing to curtailment of the original schedule, the reception for the Nobility was omitted, and they left in a short time for Edmonton, accompanied by Potentate Edward Blake Curlette and others.

The stop there was also brief, but permitted an informal reception at the Macdonald Hotel, and the presentation to Mr. and Mrs. Jones of a unique buffalo robe. The former talked again about the spirit of the Shrine and the children's hospitals. Another speaker was Harry Crossley, president of the Edmonton Shrine Club.

Accompanied by Noble Crossley, the family then went to Jasper National Park for the week-end.

After a refreshing rest at the Lodge, they left for Vancouver, British Columbia, arriving on July 31st. A host of Gizel Temple members met them and provided a fast day of sight-seeing, greetings and entertainment. Potentate D.D. Munro and Mrs. Munro and Past Potentate and Representative C. A. Welsh escorted the Imperial and family to Victoria, headquarters of Gizel, where they spent all of August 1st very enjoyably.

The next morning they prepared to cross the line and were met in Victoria by Hugh M. Caldwell, Imperial Captain of the Guard,

and William A. Eastman, Potentate of Nile. Nobles Welsh and Munro were also in the escort to Seattle.

In Seattle Chief Rabban Douglas Ball and his cohorts sent forth mighty huzzas when the steamer docked. The Band, the Patrol and the Chanters were there, the Chanters dressed like Texas cowboys. One of them lassoed the Imperial as the others emitted Indian and Texas war whoops and pistol shots, just to make the visitors feel right at home. Thus they were escorted to the Olympic Hotel. There more music, followed by the Potentate's complimentary speech. The next day, August 3rd, there was sight-seeing, and then a banquet, a reception and dancing at Nile Country Club on Lake Ballinger. The guest of honor gave a real Shrine message in both speeches there.

Nile made him an honorary member, and Recorder Frank B. Lazier says Nile may accord the same honor to Homer, because he said so aptly in his Odyssey "Welcome, speed the parting guest." The visitors spent Saturday with relatives and on Sunday were escorted to Tacoma by Potentate Eastman.

While in Seattle the Imperial told the Seattle Times that his youthful ambitions successively were to be "the world's greatest musician," then "the best newspaper man," and after that a preacher. He said he ended up in the law and added "and now see what it has done to me."

In Tacoma the party found Potentate J. Orval Rummens waiting. With him was Past Potentate William D. Askren, an Associate Justice of the Washington Supreme Court, Mrs. Rummens and Mrs. Askren. They took the Joneses to Paradise Inn, half way up Mount Rainier, one of the most entrancing

[Shrine News continued on page 52]

## Take 6 to 10 Inches Off Your Waistline in 35 Days



The Director Belt has made a big change in my waist measure. It took off 7 or 8 in. in just a few weeks and I am losing fat right along. I gladly recommend the "Director."—Wallis Bennett.



I used to measure 46 in. around. My Director Belt has taken off 9 or 10 in. and I'm just about the right size now. I also feel much more active than before.—H. W. Quaintance, Chicago.



Three months ago I had a big, flabby stomach. Was fully 15 in. oversize. The Director Belt has reduced me 11 in. I will soon be back to normal.—N. W. Johnson, New York.



The Director Belt reduced my girth fully 8 inches in less than 2 months. I haven't felt as comfortable in years as I have since I began to wear it.—E. Tumler, Milwaukee.

"REDUCED from 48 inches to 38 inches in 35 days," says R. E. Johnson, of Akron, O., "just by wearing a Director Belt. Stomach now firm, doesn't sag and I feel fine."

Let us prove to you, without your risking a penny, that you can quickly, easily and surely rid yourself of a bulging waistline. Let us prove to you that you can instantly redistribute the excess fat in such a way that the pulling-down weight will be removed from the muscle structure of the stomach and properly placed where it will be correctly supported, giving you freedom of movement and natural grace you have not known for years.

#### Slip the DIRECTOR On—That's All

The Director is made to your measure all in one piece, of finest mercerized web elastic. There are no buckles, laces or straps to bother with. It is light and compact and can be worn with perfect ease and comfort on any or all occasions. You will not be troubled with sagging trousers, vest creeping up and wrinkling coat in business hours. It improves wonderfully any man's appearance in a dress suit.

The improvement in your waistline comes as soon as you slip into this new belt. You look and feel years younger. The Director gives the necessary support to the stout man and serves to place the abdominal weight where it belongs. You no longer have that dragged-down feeling. Shortness of breath disappears.

With every step you take, with every movement of the body, the Director gently kneads and massages the abdominal muscles, disperses the fatty deposits until they are finally absorbed. The tension on the stretched and flabby muscles is relieved, for the heavy abdomen is actually supported from the back. The muscle structure in front is held firmly together, strengthened and restored. The constant, gentle massaging does not permit additional fat to form.



Gone—that ugly bulge and you feel and look years younger

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Doctors not only endorse the Director, but many of them wear it. The Director improves health as well as appearance. It won't cost you a cent if you don't want the Director after you have seen it and tried it on.

"It's comfortable and I like it," is a statement made in hundreds of letters in our files. Let us prove our claims. We will send a Director for trial. If you don't get results you owe nothing. Write for trial offer, doctors' endorsements, instructions for self-measurement and letters from Director wearers. Use the coupon below, or just write a postcard asking for our free trial offer.

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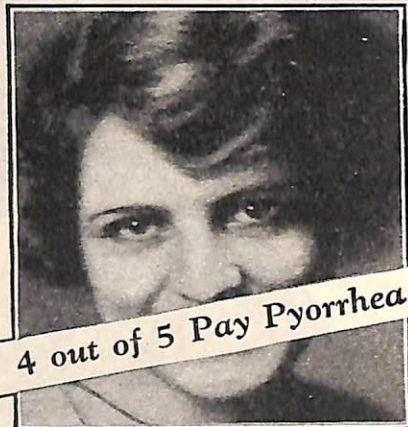
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Better Appearance  
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## Very White Teeth STILL . . .



Ignoring the teeth and attacking the gums, the disease of neglect (Pyorrhea) takes its tolls in health. And 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger pay its high price.

Forget these odds and start using the dentifrice that does all you can expect of an ordinary toothpaste and in addition protects you against this dread foe.

Morning and night, daily, brush teeth and gums with Forhan's for the Gums. It helps to clean teeth white and keep gums firm and healthy. As you know, Pyorrhea seldom attacks healthy gums.

Get a tube of Forhan's from your druggist—today . . . 35c and 60c.

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## Forhan's for the gums

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## WITH THE IMPERIAL POTENTATE

(Continued from page 50)

spots in the world, and there the Sabbath passed quietly.

The next day there was a formal banquet at the Hotel Winthrop, given by the Potentate and Divan of Affi. Then came a large reception for the Nobility at the new Masonic Temple, with dancing following.

Nobles Caldwell and Rummens led the pilgrims into Portland, Oregon, turning them over to Potentate Hugh J. Boyd and the Divan of Al Kader Temple. The Imperial Potentate made the important announcement to the press of Portland that the Shrine plans a children's hospital eventually in every city where there is a Shrine Temple.

He visited the hospital there, and told the Rotarian luncheoners about it, and how a little girl patient was asked:

"Who is going to make you well?"

She replied: "God and Dr. Dillehunt."

He added: "if you will visit those little folks at the Shrine Hospital you will never again have a grouch."

A dinner with Potentate Boyd as host, a reception and a ride around the Mount Hood loop road to Cloud Cap were some of the events of the stay in "the City of Roses" which entertained the Imperial Council in 1920.

Spokane, Washington, home of El Katif Temple, was the next stop, on August 9th. He was honored at a luncheon given by the Divan and Past Potentates. At the same time Mrs. C. Clare Cater, wife of the Potentate, and wives of the Divan and Past Potentates entertained Mrs. Jones. The Imperial also addressed the Spokane Rotary Club. After visiting the mobile hospital unit Noble Jones said:

"You are handicapped for lack of space, but it is hoped the time is not far distant when your city will have a larger individual Shrine hospital."

Then followed a sojourn of several days in Yellowstone National Park, with the next visitation with Yelduz Temple, in Aberdeen, South Dakota, where the Imperial addressed 300 Nobles and their wives on hospital work and plans. The banquet was served by the Eastern Star with Potentate Lee Truman as toastmaster. In behalf of the Temple Noble L. H. Wendall presented the Imperial with a beautiful oriental rug.

After the banquet the Patrol evolved intricately in front of the Temple. Then the

Temple Band gave a concert, after which everybody adjourned to the ballroom for dancing until a late hour.

El Riad Temple in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, was next. The Imperial and family were met there by various Temple officers and escorted to the Minnehaha Country Club for a large Shrine reception. There also was given in his honor a banquet by the Past Potentates who are members. At the reception one of the songs sung was composed especially for the occasion by Mr. D. C. Jones. An illustrated copy of the song was given to the Imperial, whose speech of appreciation included vigorous references to the Shrine hospitals.

Arriving in Des Moines on the evening of August 19th, Imperial Potentate Jones was heartily greeted by a large crowd of Nobles from Za Ga Zig Temple. It was a real Texas welcome—Texas weather, and with the loudly expressed greetings which tradition has hung on to the welcomes of the Lone Star state.

Za Ga Zig was in a festive mood for the day's celebrations on Monday. After the usual rounds of breakfasts, luncheons, in honor of both the Imperial Potentate and Mrs. Jones, and a visit to Za Ga Zig's new Temple, the entire nobility of Central Iowa there assembled gathered at Riverview Park, the Coney Island of Iowa, where all of the rides and attractions had been purchased for the use of the Nobles and their families.

The following day the Imperial party was motored to Madrid, Iowa, where the members were met by the special train equipment which is carrying the Imperial Potentate and his family on their trip through the mid-western temples. He was accompanied by representatives of El Kahir Temple where he was to be the guest of honor that evening in the new Shrine Temple in Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

In Marion, Iowa, members of the Divan and their ladies of El-Kahir Temple met Noble and Mrs. Jones and drove the visitors to Cedar Rapids, where the Imperial was entertained at the Cedar Rapids Country Club by the Divan and Past Potentates.

There was a luncheon the next day and that evening a dinner in honor of the Imperial at the home of Past Potentate Kuning. He and his party then left for Rockford, Illinois.

## MARION TALLEY (Continued from page 19)

probably, since the historic night when Jenny Lind first sang at Castle Garden. Indeed, New York, for the first time, crowned a new singer; always, before, a sensational New York debut, like that of Tetrassini or Galli-Curci, had been preceded by decisive triumphs elsewhere.

Her success was assured from that moment. She is one of the really important drawing cards at the Metropolitan, and as a concert singer she is in demand all over the country. She sang, in one tour, in fifty-three cities, and always to crowded houses. Her earnings, from opera, concerts and phonograph records, have been enormous, and it is generally supposed that Mr. Morris, out in Kansas City, has invested more than half a million dollars for her already.

Yet Marion Talley remains the simplest, the least affected, the most utterly untemperamental of girls. She lives with her mother and her sister Florence, who is her secretary, in a simple apartment in New York.

She is, I think, the calmest, the least ex-

citable, human being to whom I have ever talked. She will not admit, even to herself, that there is anything extraordinary about what she has done. That isn't a pose; it's simply the way she feels. She is much too intelligent not to know that she has a remarkable voice, but she would regard pride in that fact as stupid. She loves to sing, and she has spent most of her life learning how to sing well. She thinks, though, that she still has a good deal to learn; she is, in fact, much surer of that than are most of the people more or less concerned with her and her career.

Last spring, when she was preparing to go abroad for the summer, I asked her if she would be singing at Covent Garden.

"No," she said. "I'm going abroad to rest and to study. I think I am still too young to sing abroad."

I've tried to imagine some of the promising young singers I have known answering that question in that way, but I can't. I can think of a dozen girls, with lovely natural voices, who are doing their own house-

work now, as likely as not, or clerking in stores, and who might well be in opera if they'd had one tenth of Marion Talley's level-headed common sense.

The Talleys aren't at all excited about living in New York. Marion does like taxis; they seem to be her one extravagance. She is not especially interested in clothes, except when it comes to costumes.

Marion Talley is the pleasantest, the most agreeable girl you can imagine. But—the one thing you can't persuade her to do is to talk about herself. I spent an hour trying, so I know. She'd rather let other people do that. She'll tell you, quite cheerfully, about her love for the Middle West, and she'll grow enthusiastic about Mary Garden and other great artists, and about Serafin, who was her first conductor. She'll dwell on the kindness with which everyone at the Metropolitan treated her in those first exciting days—which were, though, as a matter of fact, more exciting for them than for her.

About herself, though, she is pleasantly and truly reserved. It seems to me that in that respect she is a good deal like Lindbergh. Singing is her job, as flying is his, and she can't see why anyone should be especially concerned with those phases of her life that don't affect her public appearances. She isn't in the least haughty or supercilious; she just happens not to have any of that love of basking in the sunshine of public curiosity and adulation that is so marked a trait of a great many singers. Still, Caruso and Renaud were like that, too.

Marion Talley, however, goes beyond any of them in her extreme and absolutely genuine simplicity. She and the other Talleys bring to mind, inevitably, a homely old American phrase that sums them up perfectly. They're just folks.

## THE DARK WING

(Continued from page 24)

"Come over to 'is room, and I'll show you," confided the slow-blinking Dixon. "E's got a dead salmon there, all wrapped up in 'is best rugs; and I'll 'ave to be getting it away from 'im before it goes bad with the 'eat'!"

The frown deepened on the rubicund face. "But what's his big idea?" "E talks to it, sir," said Dixon, with a deprecatory shrug. "I fancy 'e imagines it's 'is little girl come back again. That's why Mr. 'Ellman 's always 'ere to keep an eye on 'im."

The hale and hearty giant with the ginger-colored hair stood silent a moment. "Poor devil!" he finally ejaculated. But instead of following the officious Dixon down the hall he went back to his room and slowly and thoughtfully proceeded to dress.

His frown was still a thoughtful one as he seated himself at the breakfast-table beside the monitorial and self-immured Hellman.

"Your charge seems much better today," ventured the big-framed doctor.

The other man did not speak. His slow glance merely pivoted about and for a moment studied the impressive rubicund face.

"I mean Mr. Elser," amplified Walters. "He seems in much better spirits this morning."

"Yes, he's feeling better," was the discouragingly meager reply. But the big-framed man of medicine was impervious to the trivial moods of other men. He refused to be lightly sidetracked.

"I'm a new member up here," he explained as he topped an egg. "And I was wondering how Elser came to lose that daughter of his."

The unparticipating Hellman studied the marmalade-jar. [Continued on page 54]

## Did You Ever Take an INTERNAL Bath?

By M. PHILIP STEPHENSON

THIS may seem a strange question. But if you want to magnify your energy—sharpen your brain to razor edge—put a glorious sparkle in your eye—pull yourself up to a health level where you can laugh at disease and glory in vitality—you're going to read this message to the last line.

I speak from experience. It was a message just such as this that dynamited me out of the slough of dullness and wretched health into the sunlit atmosphere of happiness, vitality and vigor. To me, and no doubt to you, an Internal Bath was something that had never come within my sphere of knowledge.

So I tore off a coupon similar to the one shown below. I wanted to find out what it was all about. And back came a booklet. This booklet was named, "Why We Should Bathe Internally." It was just choked with common sense and facts.

### What Is An Internal Bath?

This was my first shock. Vaguely I had an idea that an internal bath was an enema. Or by a stretch of the imagination a new-fangled laxative. In both cases I was wrong. A real, genuine, true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case. And so far as laxatives are concerned, I learned one thing—to abstain from them completely.

A bona fide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water, Tyrrillized by a marvelous cleansing tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J. B. L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrill, who perfected it to save his own life. Now here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema.

The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Foges of Vienna "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus ∩. The enema cleanses but a third of this "horseshoe"—or to the first bend.

The J. B. L. Cascade treatment cleanses it the entire length—and is the only appliance that does. You have only to read that booklet "Why We Should Bathe Internally" to fully understand how the Cascade alone can do this. There is absolutely no pain or discomfort.

### Why Take An Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise and highly artificial civilization, nine out of ten persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely

too slow. Result: Germs and poisons breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

These poisons are extremely insidious. The headaches you get—the skin blemishes—the fatigue—the mental sluggishness—the susceptibility to colds—and countless other ills are directly due to the presence of these poisons in your system. They are the generic causes of premature old age, rheumatism, high blood pressure and many serious maladies.

Thus it is imperative that your system be free of these poisons. And the only sure and effective means is internal bathing. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of all impurities. And each treatment strengthens the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

### Immediate Benefits

Taken just before retiring you will sleep like a child. You will rise with a vigor that is bubbling over. Your whole attitude toward life will be changed. All clouds will be laden with silver. You will feel rejuvenated—remade. That is not my experience alone, but that of 900,000 men and women who faithfully practice this wonderful inner cleanliness. Just one internal bath a week to regain and hold glorious vibrant health! To toss off the mantle of old age—nervousness—and dull care! To fortify you against epidemics, colds, etc.

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It is entirely FREE. And I am absolutely convinced that you will agree you never used a two cent stamp to better advantage. There are letters from many who achieved results that seem miraculous. As an eye-opener on health, this booklet is worth many, many times the price of that two cent stamp. Use the convenient coupon below or address Tyrrill's Hygienic Institute, Inc., Dept. 7610, 152 West 65th Street, New York City—Now.

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## Read this Answer from A World Famous Trans-Atlantic Pilot

AVIATION is waiting for no one! Plane production today is *ten times* what it was a year ago. Landing fields, plane and equipment factories, air lines, service and sales organizations—all are leaping ahead in the most amazing development any industry has ever known. In such racing, feverish activity, where there is any room for a man who has nothing to offer? An empty pocketbook is no drawback—but Aviation has no place, no patience, no time for empty hands or empty heads! Aviation is taking-off for the greatest non-stop flight in history—and the men who will go along and climb to the top are the men with a foundation of FACTS under them.

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## THE DARK WING [Continued from page 53]

"Ah, you know about that?" he remotely inquired.

"Yes, I know about it," acknowledged the other. "But why should he have taken it so hard?"

The man known as Hellman sat silent a moment.

"Have you any children?" was his coolly delayed query.

"I'm not married," retorted Walters.

"Then you wouldn't quite see it," the thick-shouldered Hellman averred, with slightly more feeling than the other had looked for in a figure so self-contained.

"But I've a brain," countered Walters, "even if I'm still without offspring."

Hellman smiled at that, condescendingly, while the silence still again lengthened between them. And Walters noticed, for the first time, that his companion's face was an intrinsically sad one.

"He—he seems a good sort," prompted the slightly abashed man of medicine.

"Mr. Elser's a fine man," acknowledged Hellman as his thick fingers took a thick cigar from his waistcoat pocket. This cigar he sat studying with a diffident eye. "He's been a good friend to me. He always loved it up here in the north, especially the salmon fishing. He used to come, year after year."

"And then what happened?"

"Then he got married. And his wife, I think, was a little jealous of the Camp up here. For four or five years, at any rate, she kept him away from it. But he wore her down, in the end, for he eventually came back. That was early last summer. He came back here, and he brought his wife and his three-year-old daughter along with him. He said he was going to have her an open-air girl. He even let the child and the city nurse go out in a canoe."

"Fishing?"

"Yes, pretending to fish, I imagine. But that's where the bottom fell out of everything. For the canoe upset. They found the nurse's body washed up on a gravel-bar, two miles below the club-house with a salmon hook stuck in her hand. The child's body was never found. Mr. Elser searched long after the others had given up. He searched and searched—until they had to take him away."

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back through the swing-door.

"Have you a hundred dollars about you?" he abruptly inquired.

"I guess so. Why?"

"It will only be for a day or two," evaded the other, almost impatiently. And over his shoulder Walters could see the oddly quavering Dixon nodding a confirmatory head.

But he was none too hurried as he counted through the contents of his billfold, withdrew the required yellowbacks, and held them out to the still waiting Hellman.

He sat, patiently impatient, waiting for Hellman's return. And when that quiet-eyed but oddly altered figure in crumpled serge stepped back through the swing-door Walters confronted his unexpected debtor with a smile of purely achieved diffidence.

"Well, what did you buy with our hundred iron-men?" he asked as he reached for his fisherman's pipe and pouch.

His smile, however, faded before the arresting solemnity of Hellman's face.

"I've just bought back a man's sanity," was the altogether unexpected answer.

"And what d'you mean by that?"

But instead of answering this question Hellman asked one of his own.

"Do you happen to believe in miracles, Doctor?"

"I do not," asserted Walters as he got up from his chair. He was only vaguely conscious, at the moment, of Dixon stepping in through the swing-door with a bundle in his arms, an uncouth-looking bundle wrapped in a quarter of a Hudson-Bay blanket, none too clean.

"Then how do you explain it?" Hellman's slightly tremulous voice was demanding.

"Explain what?" asked Walters, suspecting Dixon's bundle to be a saddle of deer, shot out of season.

"How a three-year-old child," cried Hellman, "could float thirty odd miles down a salmon river in an empty canoe? Could go through rapids and white-water and be picked up alive at the coast like that by an Indian cod-slinger?"

"I don't yet know what you're driving at," contended Walters.

"Or could you explain," continued the dogged-voiced Hellman, "why a bush-squaw without children of her own should so want that little yellow-headed waif that she'd accept it as a sort of answer to prayer and carry it up-country to a winter camp, and feed it, and fight for it—and finally demand a hundred dollars and a string o' beads for keeping it alive?"

Walters did not answer that question. He merely gasped out an incredulous "Good God!" and walked slowly over to the unsteady Dixon, who turned back the soiled blanket-edge and showed a tangle of yellow curls above a thin and not overly clean childish face.

Walters stared intently down at the sleeping face. Fate, after all, was as blind as the old barbarians once painted her. And he still stood vacant-eyed, absorbing his shock, as the club steward turned to Hellman.

"What 'ad we best do with 'er, sir?"

"Do with her?" said the deep-voiced Hellman. "Why, take her up to her father's room, where she belongs."

"And then what?" queried the uncertain Dixon, his eyes on Hellman as the latter turned and walked heavily toward the swing-door.

"Then throw that damned salmon out the window," said Hellman from the doorway, "and put her in the rug there where Mr. Elser will be looking for her. Where he'll be looking," concluded Hellman, "inside of ten minutes. For I'm going out to get him now!"

He was, in fact, still sitting in the somberly empty dining-room, meditating on the fortuitousness of Fate, when Hellman stepped

back through the swing-door.

"Have you a hundred dollars about you?" he abruptly inquired.

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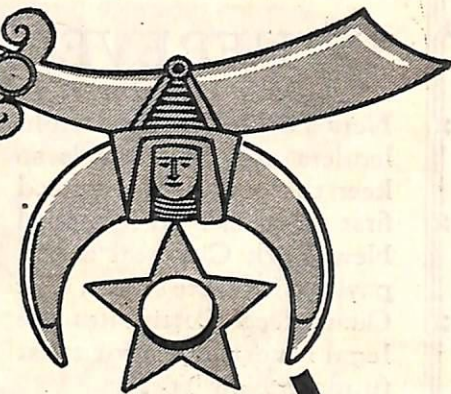
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# Why Every Shriner Should Subscribe for The Crescent

"FACT, FUN and FICTION"



THE Crescent is a Magazine published in the interest of Shriners and their Temples throughout North America. The first issue of this newer and bigger and better Crescent Magazine is in the mails this month. We will be glad to send you a copy free on request. The policy will be, "Shrine News while it is News." Those of you who remember the old Crescent which served the Shrine faithfully for seventeen years will appreciate the value of this publication. It is filled with live, interesting reports of the current doings of Shriners and their Temples; it gives potentates information as to what other potentates are doing to make their year successful; it tells uniformed units what other uniformed bodies are doing for entertainment, raising money, etc.; every Shrine director and every

member of the Shrine who is interested in the goings-on in Shrine-dom should read THE Crescent regularly; your entertainment chairman should read it if somebody has to subscribe to it for him. There will be interesting departments for the mothers, wives and children—it is a family magazine for every member of every Shrine family. The publisher is J. Harry Lewis, a Shriner with thirty years' experience in the publishing field. Clip that coupon or write a letter and send \$1.50 for a year's subscription now. To those who subscribe within the next thirty days we will send a beautifully decorated pack of Shrine playing cards as a reward for good judgment and prompt action. You may have your choice of two designs, or we will send you a pack of each design if you subscribe for two years. Address

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## HALF SWORDS [Continued from page 17]

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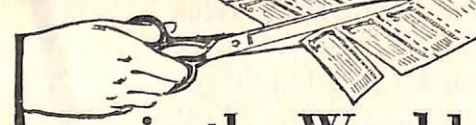
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to do. The household budget was to be edited, office matters too trivial or too intricate to be dealt with during the day, personal letters . . . the matter of habit made him start toward his desk. Nothing must interfere with duty any more than one must buy nothing unless one both needed and could pay for it. Up to an hour ago, he fancied that he had taught his family the wisdom of these statements.

He remained in his chair in bewildered defeat. There must be some truth in Sheila's outburst. As antidote, he thought of his satisfactory son. Tom was twenty, a sophomore in college. Braddock had promised him a trip to Europe when he should graduate. But this thought had a disconcerting ending. There was the summer abroad when Sheila had won class honors. Had any girl ever wasted her opportunities more?

The closing of the front door brought a new stir of emotion. It was Badgy slipping in at the reasonable hour of nine. Of course she had been at her reading club dinner. But when she lingered in the doorway, Braddock knew that Sheila had spoken the truth.

"Working?" she began—this dialogue was varied only by describing weather conditions. "Yes; everything all right?"

"Quite. There was an interesting paper by Mrs. Hanover. Have you seen to the furnace?"

"Banked for the night; children in?"

"Not yet. Is your cold better?"

"Nothing to worry over."

"Good night," Badgy would brush his cheek with her lips.

"Night. I see we've used six roasts this month."

"We had company at midweek."

The ticking of the clock would keep time as Badgy trudged upstairs.

Tonight, as she stood before him, he noted the bodice of gold metal cloth and a ballet dancerish skirt of green tulle. Her hat was a small, black felt which lent a juvenile appearance—or was it the rosininess of her cheeks and the excitement in her blue eyes?

"I'm worried about Sheila," he began.

(This was as good a start as any.)

"Really?" stifling a yawn.

Glowering down at her, Braddock was amazed at the bitter, vicious impulses which arose within him. There was something baffling, incredible about all of this. To think that Badgy dared to lie to him, play a double game, teach her children deceit, irreverence.

"Who is Drew Benson?" he started to say.

But inborn conservatism prevented newborn melodrama.

"We need to talk very frankly, you and I," he substituted.

Badgy did not wince. There had been so many times when he proposed to talk frankly and she had begged off as a child does from a punishment.

She looked radiantly happy, as if she might begin humming under her breath.

"Very well," she said, "let's begin."

"Sheila told me about this—this Drew," he hurled at her.

"I know she knows—but I wonder about Tom."

"Have you thought about it seriously; are you willing the world knows?"

"Of course. I'm so free, so happy. Life is wonderful. This ought to be a relief to you. We were never suited. I've been a great trial."

"Just a moment," Braddock held up his hand. "What is your chief indictment against me?"

Badgy's lips—like Sheila's even to the stray dimple beneath them—twitched as if trying to control amusement.

"Nothing that would stand in court.

Nothing terrible. You have been unimpeachable in the eyes of the world. Only you're the sort of husband who buys a rubber plant for the front hall and considers your duty ended as regards the things for which flowers stand. I'm the sort that would rather have a single rose at odd times, drying its leaves for potpourri . . ."

She left him with this serio-comic indictment: that he was the sort of husband who bought rubber plants!

AT TWO A. M. members of the Family Skeletons, an ambitious night club of the younger set, served sirloin sandwiches and Chutney. This organization met in the upper loft of the former Riddick barn, an expanse of canvas covered floor with chairs and tables in batik designs, a red lacquered piano, a lemon yellow stool and a peacock green violin stand. The walls were panels copied from a Parisian café devoted to shocking American tourists.

Leaving her post as pianist, Sheila glanced over the room and sought out Tom and Nancy.

"Got to break in," as Tom gave her an annoyed glance.

"I must tell you the news—I love your dress, Nancy," in a sisterly aside.

Nancy's smile became warmer.

Tom fretted at the delay. "Sound that wicked lung and then leave us," he ordered.

He regarded this red-haired sister with the same helpless scorn that he had regarded her when she insisted upon joining his band of soldiers. One could not circumvent Sheila.

She had something of her father's tyrannical persistency. Nancy reminded him of his mother, an adorable pink rosebud creature, who could not say or think or do an unkind thing. His hand clasped Nancy's as Sheila began candidly:

"Kid brother, dad knows about Badgy and Drew. I made it pretty heavy dialogue," Sheila began.

Nancy was all alarmed blushes. "Why, Sheila," she said in her gentlest voice, "how dared you say such things?"

"Somebody had to bring things to a crisis. Badgy's planning to go to Paris and get a divorce. She mustn't marry Drew—and perhaps he won't marry her. Either way, it'd be bad."

At this particular moment, Tom was unwilling to have to consider his mother's romantic predicaments. "If the cad doesn't do the decent thing, I can handle him . . . but that's a long ways ahead."

"Of course you could," said Nancy adoringly.

"Stop being kiss-baby and help me play Badgy's hand. Badgy's forty-two and Drew is thirty and without a sou except for his salary."

"It's all so confusing—and horrid," Nancy's small fingers had a surprisingly strong clasp of Tom's hand.

"Exactly; that's why I had to break in. Of course, no one can blame Badgy. My scheme of life is not to marry so young but not to remain innocent a moment longer than is necessary. I'm going to avoid Badgy's plight and dad's heartbreak, for he's cut up, I'll grant anyone. I'm going to have wild affairs, I'm going to travel in order to become sophisticated. Then, enjoying Nancy's horror and Tom's scorn, 'I shall marry a man of my own age and be able to cope with him.'"

"You mean to be really wicked?" breathed Nancy self-righteously.

"I don't know that our definitions would agree. I think Tony would understand me better. I told Tony about mother—you see, he was there tonight."

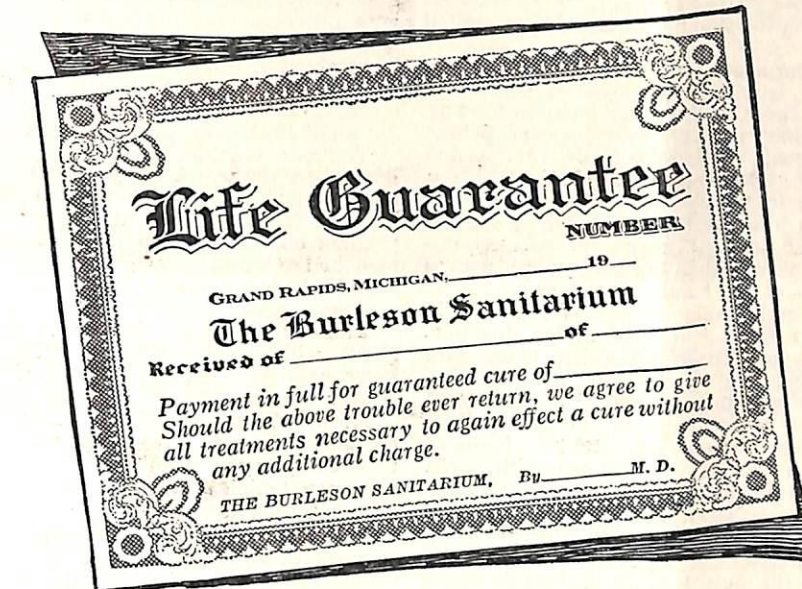
"Right here, Sheila, I want you to understand that if you [Continued on page 58]

## PILES CURED

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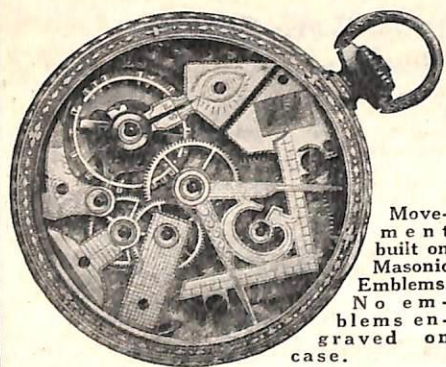
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## HALF SWORDS [Continued from page 56]

go and do anything like you're threatening, you can't know Nancy. Our ideas aren't that sort. And we don't intend to come any croppers either, do we, darling?"

Tom was deadly serious. He was the sort who would be card indexed as a normal citizen, loved and married by but one woman. "Nancy and I shall marry with the same ideals and having had about the same experiences. We shall go side by side, step by step. If I dissipate, she has the right to dissipate."

"But we won't, precious," protested Nancy.

"Of course not. I'm only explaining that we have equal privileges as well as equal responsibilities," raising her hand to his lips.

"It's three o'clock," said someone behind Sheila's chair, "time to stop the fun. Going home with the Allen twins, Sheila? I can take five in my car."

It was Tony Riddick. How long he had been there no one knew. It was an unofficial custom that Nancy's uncle act as closer-up of the Family Skeletons.

Tom and Nancy started, Sheila slowly turning her red-gold head in his direction. "That you, Tony? Yes, I'm going with the Allen twins."

Tom and Nancy whispered an important something before parting. Presently, there moved away from the Riddick house a procession of Family Skeletons—with Sheila riding between her adoring twins in an eight cylinder green racer. Riddick followed with a load of waifs and strays. He was thinking of Sheila and the early part of the evening, the hurt look in Braddock's eyes . . . again of Sheila's coldish, gray eyes and the way they changed to violet pools when she wanted to smile but not with her lips. It was a matter of pride that the Family Skeleton Club never interfered with proper sleep. Tom and Sheila were at breakfast when their father entered the room.

"My word, he's aged," whispered Sheila. Badgy wore a becoming flowered gown. For years, she had sat at the foot of the table and worn dull blue dresses, her hair strained back from her forehead.

The Braddocks ate in silence. At the conclusion of the meal, Braddock raised a detaining hand.

"I wish to say," he began, "that your mother and I have agreed to be divorced. Details are unnecessary. Please decide what you wish to do."

"How can we—without knowing any details?" protested Sheila.

Braddock swept on as if she had not spoken. "I shall be glad to have either or both of you remain with me for all or for part time."

"Will Tony look after it?" asked Sheila so meekly that her father gave out the first detail without realizing.

"Naturally—with a minimum of publicity and a maximum of common sense."

Tom stared at his mother, who smiled uncertainly. Suddenly Sheila whistled shrilly at the canary bird, it jarred on the rest.

"That was my way of saying," she began.

"Thank God, I'm not a naturalist," remarked her brother, pushing his chair from the table.

"Thank God, I am—which gives me an intelligent audience," was Sheila's retort.

"I'll tell you," she whispered in Badgy's ear. "I've decided to have an affair with Tony—as wild an affair as he will stand for. Isn't that too beautiful for ordinary words?"

Riddick found himself taking Sheila seriously. He comprehended something of Braddock's fury as he made mental reservations never again to be cornered. (He did

not admit that she had him at half-swords!) Not this impudent, dragon-slaying, red-haired kid who invaded his sacred quarters, a place which even his immediate family respected. Ostensibly, Sheila had come to argue as to the righteousness of her brother's recent elopement with Nancy Riddick. But there was an ulterior motive. Riddick was sure of this last.

It was after ten. Sheila claimed that she must hurry off to a supper dance with the ever ready Allen twins. But she lingered with provoking tenacity. She wore a new, interesting green tulle and a gold whistle hung about her neck.

As he studied her, he was aware that her green bandeau lighted up uncannily, throwing an absinthe-like glow over her hair.

"A modern halo," Sheila explained, "like it? There's a wee battery concealed under my braids; it lights whenever I like . . . but let's talk of important things. I'm depending on you to help me become a woman of the world."

Riddick swore under his breath. "Let's go home and—"

"Nobody is there. Badgy is careening about with Drew. Tom and Nancy are honeymooning. Dad's dashed off to the lumber camp."

"Would Tom and Nancy have sneaked off and ruined everyone's plans, including their own, if you hadn't started to act like a human tabloid?" demanded Riddick, determined to be severe.

Sheila shrugged her shoulders. "I restrained them from doing so as long as I could. Now I've the ungrateful task of making peace in their behalf."

"I have no personal objections to Tom," Riddick added, "but I object to any boy's leaving college and marrying a nineteen year—"

"Old apple dumpling!"

"Young thing," he corrected. "What will Tom do? What will you do if your home is broken up? And what do you mean by coming here in this silly, clandestine way—?" Sheila wound her arms around his neck. "Let's think only of you and me," she whispered. "My family lawyer and my worldly tutor! You'd like me, Tony, if you'd just let yourself go."

Both became conscious that someone was coming up the long, lone flight of stairs.

"Get behind that screen," Riddick gave an annoyed push.

The rapping at the door was the signal for Sheila to obey.

"I'll be compromised—if this thing topples over," she warned. "I'm determined to be compromised . . . I'm going to be a woman of the world, Tony, and have a claim upon you, too . . . I love you . . . there!"

Riddick was opening the door.

"Why, Badgy," he said in a puzzled tone, "what brings you here? Hullo, Benson," to Badgy's escort.

"Is it about the kids?" Riddick was gaining his poise. "We may as well make the best of it."

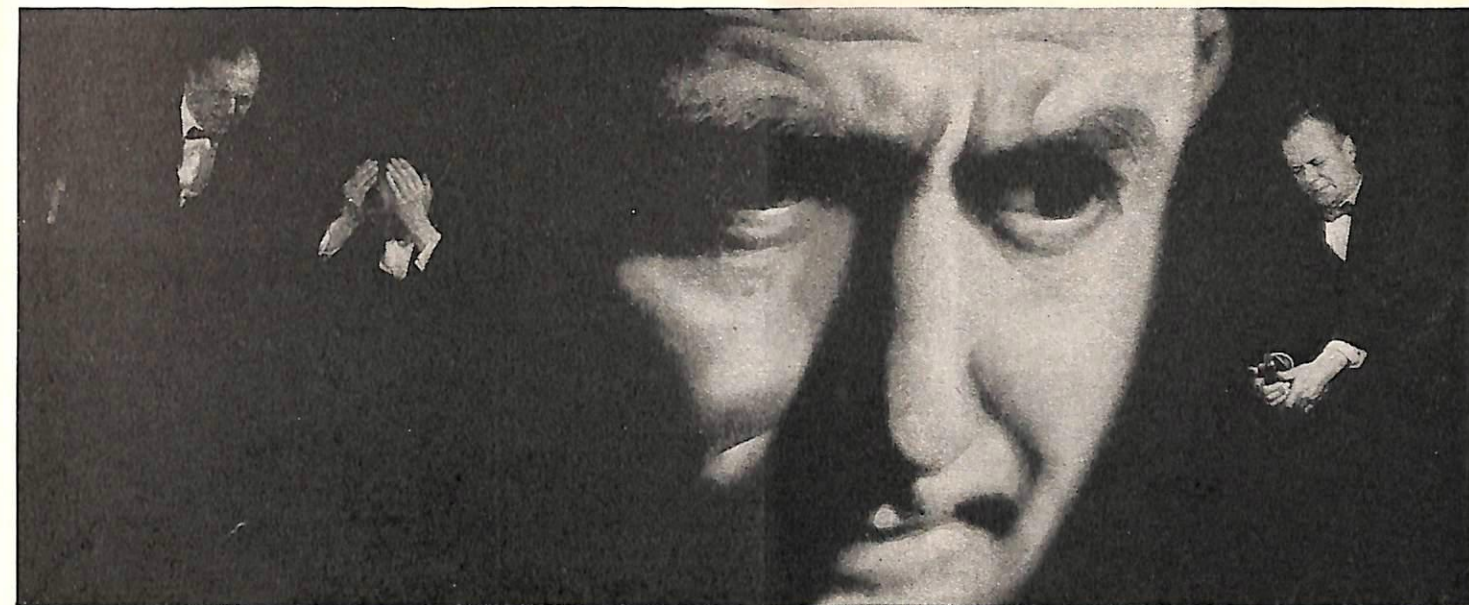
"Tom's marriage will kill his father." Badgy was the old, loyal Badgy who had guarded her husband from discovering innocent deceptions on the part of his family. "His heart is set on Tom's reading law . . . and with what I'm going to do," looking toward Drew Benson appealingly.

"I wonder how he'll stand it."

"Nancy's mother will turn amiable long before there's a grandchild," comforted Tony. "After all, the bar isn't losing a genius if Tom gets a new job."

"He is a mechanical genius," Badgy said. "Give him overalls and an invalid motor to diagnose and he's happy."

"Badgy's not herself tonight," interposed Drew, "too bad this [Continued on page 60]



# Must Men Suffer after 40?

Must men approaching old age be cheated out of health and sleep by getting up five to ten times at night? Must men past a certain middle age be handicapped by embarrassing health faults—constantly harassed by foot and leg pains—sciatica—chronic constipation?

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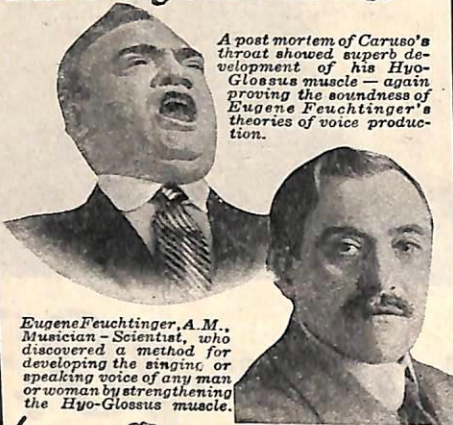
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20 HALF SWORDS [Continued from page 58]

all happens together. She's almost afraid to face things."

"Aren't you speaking for yourself?" Badgy corrected a trifle pettishly. "I'm a simple soul who loves you—and my family, too. We came to ask what you had heard from Tom," turning back to Riddick. "Drew seems to feel—" waiting for Drew to finish.

"Just what do you feel, Benson?" Riddick was himself once more. He raised his hand to the iron gray pompadour. As he did so, from the mirror opposite, he saw the greenish light of Sheila's "halo." He thrust out his lower lip as if in reflection. Drew Benson wondered if he had arrived at some new conclusion. Whereas Riddick was wondering how he could compromise Sheila without involving himself!

"I feel," Benson floundered, "that it is a grave mistake to have rushed ahead. Badgy and I were quite content and things were unfolding gradually. I was getting used to the idea that I wanted Badgy to leave her husband and marry me . . . you know, it's not easy for an artistic dabbler to urge such a thing," he told this last with an effort. There was a flush on his finely cut features and he let his hand drop from Badgy's waist as if he had been reprimanded.

"True," murmured Riddick, still wondering about Sheila, "but it is best to think of all that beforehand—at least, before broadcasting."

"We didn't broadcast," they reminded him.

"Ah, yes, it was Sheila," Riddick glanced toward the screen. "She is laboring under the delusion that life is an endless sex serial, an adolescent notion which can be dispelled. One must not take anything she says or attempts too seriously."

"Tom did—and I'm finding out that one can't live for twenty-three years with the same person and then, even if romance is beautiful, quite forget. I don't mean to make you suffer," turning to Drew.

Riddick fancied there was something forced in Drew's response.

"I'm not suffering—I'm cogitating," he said somewhat lightly. "There was a certain zest in your belonging to a well meaning, stingy ogre and of my having to plan to see you. It was more than half the charm. There was nothing vicious about our attachment. You see," turning back to Riddick, "Badgy's an adorable Dresden doll that has been stuffed away on a shelf for years. I wanted to help her find a gilt cabinet. But I'm not a brilliant enough person to make a go of anything except amateurs . . . to marry you and—"

Sheila's red head with its lighted bandeau rose over the top of the screen.

"I'm not anxious that she marry you," she announced, "but it is impossible for her to stay married to Father."

Badgy stifled her scream of surprise. "That is Father's step," she declared, holding up a warning hand. "He's come home and failed to get you at the club. We must not let him know that we are here. He's come back to talk to you about Tom's marriage—"

"This screen is not practical for three." Sheila appeared and shook herself like a spaniel emerging from an enforced swim. "I don't mind hiding here alone but—"

"You've never been here before—never—" Riddick spluttered.

"Thank you, dear. You always try to save me from being misjudged. But it's quite all right. I don't mind. We can all go out through the bedroom. Father will never know . . . come along, I'll show you. I've done it—tons of times. Good night, Tony, sorry we were interrupted," blowing him a kiss as she picked up her cape. (To be continued)

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## A DASH OF DIPLOMACY

[Continued from page 31]

a sentimental feminism as motive to her plotting. For being a willing instrument in her hands, Joe Hatch had not even himself to blame.

It would be desirable to relate particulars of the ingenious way in which our young Mr. Hatch contrived to gain his ends: of how his forthright skill and pertinacity finally humbled the saturnine and possibly blithering Fitzherbert and earned him the bounty of his lady's approbation. And certainly Joe set off with the full intention of bringing this about; a whole summer's sparking practically depended upon it. But a moderate concern for the interests of strict truth forbids all this. The fact was that Fitzherbert departed with only the slightest opinion of Joe's competence or experience and he had increasingly less as time went on.

They found the old Flying Shot trail at about the place where it was commonly found and they made the Wapiti at an hour of sundown.

"You strip the packs off 'em while I ride up an' see what's chances to find dry logs for a raft."

When Joe Hatch returned, Fitzherbert was wading his white mare about in the first few rods of river. He came to shore and Joe began to bawl him out for insubordination. Only a few of these critical remarks had been uttered when Fitzherbert cut in.

"Rubbish, er, Hatches! And rot! Why dally around swimming the horses and rafting our stuff over? There's a perfectly good bar running across and we can follow it without wetting our trousers. I've been nearly across already. Suppose you shoo the packs in behind me and save your jaw for eating supper!"

This was insulting and offensive language, coming from a mere Easterner, and probably a tenderfoot; Joe threw him a glance of open challenge. Unfortunately the man had already started his mare across the river and it failed to register on him. Joe could think of nothing adequate to do about it and hazed the packs in after him. As a protest he did succeed in forcing his own horse off the submerged bar and into swimming depth for the last few yards.

Later, when he was wringing out the bottom half of his two-piece union-suit, Joe swore a rancid oath that he would simply bide his time on this gant. Give him plenty of rope and let him hang himself, that's all. And he would ride ahead thereafter.

The requisite days occurred and the single wandering path of the trail showed less and less interest in maintaining its existence. They passed near the Big Meadow and climbed up across a height of land by increasingly difficult marches. Here the trail entered a vast burning where the bleached and charred skeletons of a former forest growth lay like flung jack-straws as far as the eye could follow. Paths in abundance traversed this desolation and Joe Hatch guided his train into the plainest one without hesitation. It would lead somewhere.

It did. Presently it led back to the spot from which they had entered the tangle. Joe Hatch remained unaware of this and was pushing briskly on for another round trip when his companion uttered a peremptory "Hey!" from the rear.

"No more!" he stated, coming alongside. "It's a good ride, but it doesn't go anywhere!"

"What're you talkin' about?" Joe demanded. "See them horse tracks goin' on there? Gettin' plainer all the time!"

"They ought to be. If we made this trip a few times at a gallop, we might overtake ourselves. Better flog up the rear after this Hatchet." [Continued on page 62]



## Just A Twist Of The Wrist

### Banishes Old Style Can Openers to the Scrap Heap

HERE is a truly revolutionary invention! Now, all the danger and wastefulness of old-style can openers is ended. Now, every home in the land can open cans automatically the new, simple, safe, easy way by a handy little machine.

Women universally detest the old-style can opener. Yet practically in every home cans are being opened with it, often several times a day. Imagine, then, how thankfully they welcome this new method—this automatic way of doing their most distasteful job.

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The Speedo holds the can—opens it—flips up the lid so you can grab it—and gives you back the can without a drop spilled, without any rough edges to snag your fingers—all in a couple of seconds! It's so easy even a ten-year old child can do it in perfect safety! No wonder women—and men, too—simply go wild over it! And no wonder Speedo salesmen often sell to every house in the block and make up to \$10 an hour, either spare or full time.

Frankly, I realize that the facts about this propo-

sition as outlined briefly here may seem almost incredible. So I've worked out a special advertising plan by which you can examine the invention and test it without risking one penny of your money.

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Dept. M-782,  
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Yes, rush me the facts and details of your FREE TEST OFFER.

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☐ Put check mark here if interested only in one for your home.

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Our beautifully illustrated book tells how. It tells all about our new methods of art decoration, art treatment and how anybody can learn without previous training or experience. It contains page after page of handsome color illustrations of what you can make and sell. You can make good money and this book is FREE. Our system is amazingly easy to learn and the profits are larger than in almost any other business. You can produce

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AGENTS—You'll find big profits falling in your lap—letting your friends see this marvelous Sunshine Radiant Heater. Every home a hot prospect. Gives clean, live gas heat no matter where you live for 15¢ an hour. No servicing; no installation—no investment nor stock. You collect profits in advance. Thousands in use!

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## A DASH OF DIPLOMACY

[Continued from page 61]

"My name's Hatch!" Joe bellowed. "Ah! What kind of a Hatch?" inquired Fitzherbert.

"Just Hatch!" bawled Joe. "Just Hatched, it is," agreed Fitzherbert without heat or feeling, and rode off on yet another path that led into the burning.

From the point at which they entered the burned area to their last camp on the Porcupine, was a matter of fifteen miles and they made it in just four days. Four dreadful days they were, in which Joe Hatch and his employer chopped and pried and cleared a way for their animals through the incredible maze of fallen timber.

Now pack-horses, like armies, travel largely on their stomachs, and on this high plateau with its later season, the grass would have been dead, worthless stuff had there been any. There was none and Joe was obliged to see his string fading before his very eyes.

"Them horses is about dead," he declared as they were unpacking. "And I don't see no feed around here, either!"

"There isn't a mouthful," admitted Fitzherbert. "We'll have to turn them loose with a bell on White Lilly."

"Yeh, 'at's a fine scheme! They'd be home in about four days an' where'd we be?"

"Tut, tut!" said Mr. Fitzherbert. "An old frontiersman like you not see the answer? We'll camp here and make our exploration trips on foot. Carry blankets and light rations on our backs. I'll make you a fine pack-sack out of your spare overalls, in case you don't know the trick. And when I'm through looking for timber, why, there is the river! A stout raft of dry logs and it takes us down to the Smoky and so home again to our, er, loved ones and horses. Without labor, mind!"

This was much too much for Joe Hatch, as a semi-professional Westerner, to take from any dang dude saw-mill hand, whether it was all extremely practicable or not.

"Say," he demanded furiously, "who's the boss of this outfit, anyway?"

"I am," admitted Fitzherbert. "I'm always in charge of any trip I take of this kind. It's bother enough, without having to put up with incompetent assistance. Strip the animals clean, barring the mare, while I'll write a tag for her bell-strap in case they should think the brutes strayed from us."

Actually, the drooping Mr. Fitzherbert was running Joe Hatch quite ragged and was breaking his heart, also, piece at a time. Blandly assuming that he was quite ignorant, Fitz proceeded to teach Joe a great variety of stunts and devices that he should have known before coming out on such an expedition. Joe gained somewhat in resource and wisdom but with it he grew to hate Mr. Fitzherbert most heartily.

Small wonder then that, when Fitzherbert roused from his gloomy silence one day to remark that their work was done, Joe's heart gladdened on the instant. He was promptly smitten with remorse however at remembering the red-haired Bradley girl and her expectations.

They were some miles above their camp when Fitzherbert made his announcement and they essayed the return journey to it on a raft. And presently the Porcupine caught their unwieldy craft on its current and swept it into a rock-strewn chute and smashed it, and by the great tenderness of Providence, cast the half-drowned passengers safe on a rock—in midstream. Their net salvage, aside from their lives, consisted of a blanket and a long pole from which Fitzherbert had obtusely refused to be parted.

## Fat Men!

This new self-massaging belt not only makes you look thinner INSTANTLY—but quickly takes off rolls of excess fat.

DIET is weakening—drugs are dangerous—strenuous reducing exercises are liable to strain your heart. The only safe method of reducing is massage. This method sets up a vigorous circulation that seems to melt away the surplus fat. The Weil Reducing Belt, made of special reducing rubber, produces exactly the same results as a skilled masseur, only quicker and cheaper. Every move you make causes the Weil Belt to gently massage your abdomen. Results are rapid because this belt works for you every second.

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"Now you're s' smart," Joe howled above the roar, "looky what you got us into!"

This crumb of satisfaction was the only nourishment Joe was able to extract from their situation. Fitzherbert gave no evidence of being more than customarily depressed; he cut the blanket into wide strips and pieced them end to end. He tied this ribbon to the pole and succeeded in heaving it so that it lodged behind other rocks near the shore.

With this as an anchor he was able to draw himself safely to land. Joe Hatch, he likewise fished out after repeated patient casts of his strip of blanket.

"Now see here, Hatchway," Fitzherbert told him, "we can't be loitering to wring out our clothes. Just flop on your back till the water runs out of your larrigans and we'll push right ahead. I've been computing our time; today's the twentieth. It's important that I get back in time to go out with the Colburns. Let's push!"

Rafting, Joe Hatch decided, was the world's best way of getting anywhere. On a strong, smooth current like Big Smoky had, at least. That was the first few hours. Later Joe felt he would have liked to stop and stretch his legs a little. And after about fourteen hours of continuous rafting, it seemed to Joe a fool thing for able-bodied men to be doing.

"Stand by to anchor!" Fitzherbert called suddenly. Joe stood up and stared about him in the gathering darkness. They had drifted close in to shore.

"Make fast the stern!" Joe gathered up the coil of rope that was tied to his end, and after a moment of uncertainty, stepped off into fifteen feet of water!

The incident, alone, is without especial significance to this narrative. It is merely mentioned here as contributing to the fit of depression Joe suffered later in the evening. Cold as ice water could make him, empty and hungry and lonely as it is possible for a raw kid to be in the presence of a human without heart or bowels of compassion, then Joe was depressed. He sat by the fire, swathed in a blanket and two canvas pack covers, and gave way to black despair.

"Mr. Fitzherbert," he began, "I want to ask a favor off you. I don't s'pose you'll hardly do it but I gotta ask. It's more important to me than nearly anything!"

Fitzherbert roused from his chilled stupor and blinked at the firelight. "Have it, lad! Even to half of my kingdom."

"Why, would you mind stayin' away f'm down to our place just one more day? You figger we'll get home in a coupla hours, in the mornin'. If you'd wait over somewhere or land on the west side."

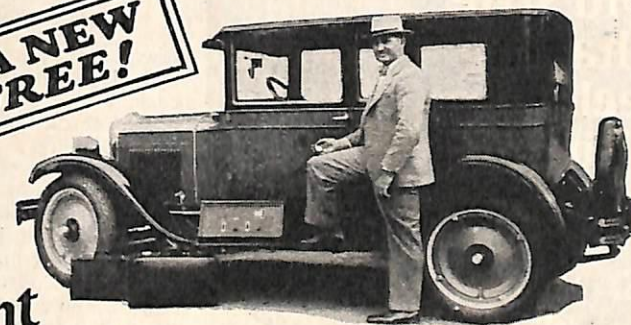
"Why's it important to you?"

"Well, 's I say they's a party, a friend of your girl, wants you shouldn't get back in time 'fore they leave. I don't know all about it only they figgered Miss Colburn wouldn't want to see you again, so I said I'd keep you out."

"All rubbish!" Mr. Fitzherbert was wide awake but dispassionate. "It's the little red-haired gadfly's doing. You're seeking her favor, Hatchel? It'd never do though, to let the scheme work. Besides I'm fond of Miss Colburn and I shouldn't want her too unhappy. This trip now, it's set me thinking too. I'd be more patient I believe. After all the worst nuisance a woman can be isn't much compared to a man, now is it?"

Fitzherbert looked at his watch and stood up. He put more sticks to the dying fire and took a small pail to the river and brought water. Hanging his pail carefully over the rising flame he looked at his watch again and studied the darkness. Then he took soap and [Continued on page 64]

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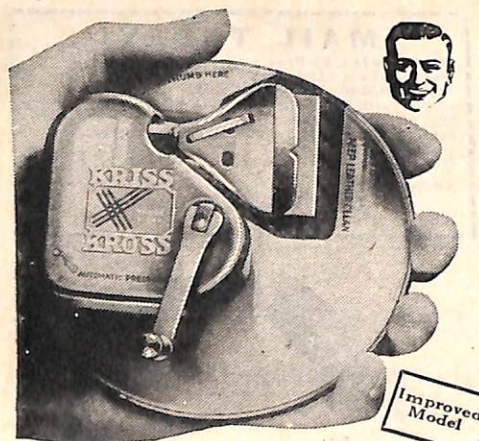
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## A DASH OF DIPLOMACY

[Continued from page 63]

towel from his dunnage, removed his coat and glasses, and went down to the water's edge.

The shock of cold water was pleasant to Fitzherbert's tired nerves. He bathed his face and hands with the noisy snufflings and splashing of relief. When he had wiped them dry on the towel, he looked nearsightedly about him and inserted a thumb and forefinger under his drooping mustache and brought forth a complete set of teeth. Uppers and lowers. Placing them carefully on a flat stone at his side, he leaned far over and filled his mouth with river water.

At this precise moment the tea pail boiled over on the fire behind him with a loud, alarming hiss. Fitzherbert leaped to his feet, and after a moment's hesitation rushed hurriedly up the bank, spurning water from his mouth as he went. Joe Hatch had been standing at the river's edge two rods below Fitzherbert as he washed. When the tea water boiled into the open fire, the range of its light was instantly narrowed.

Joe Hatch stepped carefully forward with the fringe of darkness and when he came opposite Fitzherbert's whitely gleaming teeth, he swooped down and gathered them in. The red-haired Miss Bradley was first to see Fitzherbert when he and Joe Hatch arrived at fair daylight next morning.

But the first clear sight of Fitzherbert's face turned her smile into a horrified goggle. She managed a faint "Good morning!" as he drew near. Fitzherbert gave her a stricken, afflicted glance and marched on with nothing more intelligible than, "mlah, mlah-la," in return. The girl stifled a screech and fled on toward Joe Hatch.

"What on earth—" began the Bradley girl on reaching Joe.

"Wait a minute, now!" Joe interposed. "I know what you're gonna say; today's the twenty-second an' the Colburns ain't gone yet. It's all right! I promised to keep him out but I thought up a better way of sourin' her on him."

He grinned knowingly at her and drew Fitzherbert's complete dental arrangement out of his pocket.

"His teeth!" squeaked the Bradley girl.

"Where'd you—?"

"He thinks he lost 'em, see? Ain't that a dandy scheme?"

Miss Bradley had grown slightly livid in the face.

"Go," she blazed at him, "and give those things back! Do you want to ruin two human lives? I might have known you'd make a mess of it!"

"Why—what's the matter?"

"Can't you understand we didn't actually mean she should lose him forever? It was to test if he really did love her like she wanted to be. If he got back in time to go with them, that would prove it, after your trying to keep him away."

She waited anxiously there by the river while Joe said "doggone!" and trotted briskly off toward the stopping-house. Women were funny sometimes.

"It's all right," he announced on his return. "It's all right, now. I fixed it so's he'll git 'em. I seen his girl comin' to have breakfast, so I handed 'em to her."

"Oh, my stars! Oh—Oh Lord! And she didn't know he wore artificial! Now you've done it! Burst the poor girl's heart, you—!" She broke off to run three steps away from Joe Hatch, where she stopped to wring her empty hands, then ran back. "You natural idiot, you!"

He stood looking after her small flying figure till it disappeared and then he sat weakly upon the ground. They were certainly funny. After a man had gone the limit for 'em.

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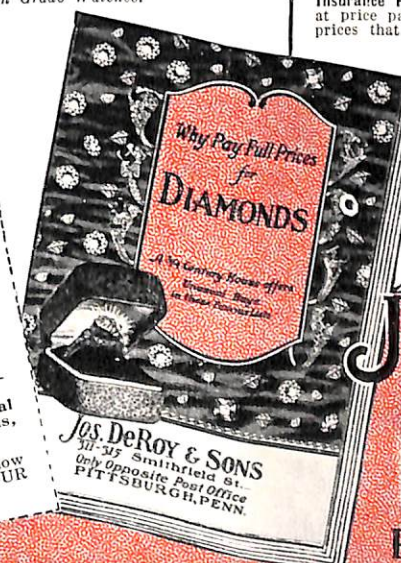
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